

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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TWO NOVELETTES.

I. THE MARQUIS JEANNE HYACINTH DE ST. PALAYE.

I.

IN one of the mountainous districts of the south of France, which in the last century were covered with forests, the highway ran up through the rocky valley by the side of a roaring torrent. On the right hand and on the left the massive foliage descended to the banks, and filled up the small and intervening ravines with a bosky shade. Here and there a lofty crag broke out from the sea of green leaves, and now and then the pointed roofs of a château or the spire of a village church witnessed to the existence of man, and gave an interest and a charm to the beautiful scene.

It was a day in the late autumn of the year 1760. The departing smile of nature, which in another hour would be lost in death, was upon every tree and leaf. The loveliest tints and shades, so delicate that at the moment of their perfection they trembled into nothingness, rested upon the woodlands on every side. A soft wind whispered through the rustling leaves laden with mellow odours and with the pleasing sadness that comes with the falling leaf. The latest flowers of the year with unconscious resignation wasted, as it might seem, tints which would not have disgraced the warmest hues of summer upon heaps of withered

leaves, and dry moss, and rotting wood. The loveliest hour of the year was the last.

The highway crossed an ancient bridge of great height with a cunningly pointed arch. Just beyond the bridge a smaller path turned up on the left hand as you ascended the valley. It wound its way up the wooded valleys as though with no definite end, yet it was smooth and well kept, more so indeed than the highway itself, and doubtless led to some château, by the orders of whose lord the peasantry kept the road in good repair. Let us follow this road on an evening at the end of October in the year we have already mentioned, for we shall meet with a pretty sight.

Some distance up the road on the left was a small cottage, built to mark and protect the path to a natural terrace formed, as far as art had had a hand in the proceeding, by some former lord of the domain to command a view of the neighbouring mountains and country. Several of these terraces existed in the wood. At the point where the path entered the private road to the château the wood receded on every side, and left a wide glade or savannah across which the sunshine lay in broad and flickering rays. Down this path there came a boy and a girl, for they were little more,

though their dress and the rank of life they held gave an appearance of maturity greater than their years. The lady was of supreme beauty even for a heroine of romance, and was dressed with a magnificence which at any other period of the world would have been fantastic in a wood. She was clinging to the arm of a handsome boy of some two-and-twenty years of age, whose dress by its scarf and some other slight peculiarities marked the officer of those days. His face was very handsome, and the expression on the whole was good, but there was something about the eyes and the curve of the lips which spoke of violent passions as yet unsubdued.

The girl came down the path clinging to his arm, her lovely face upraised to him, and the dark and reckless expression of his face was soothed and chastened into a look of intense fondness as he looked down upon it. Rarely could a lovely autumn afternoon receive its finishing touch from the passing of so lovely a pair.

The valley was perfectly solitary: not a single sound was heard, nor living creature seemed astir. It was as if nature understood, and held her breath to further the purposes of their lonely walk. Only for a moment however. At the instant they left the path and entered upon the grassy verge that bordered the way to the château, they both started, and the girl gazed before her with an expression of wild alarm, while the young man's face grew darker, and a fierce and cruel look came into his eyes. But what they saw would seem at first sight to give little cause for such emotion. A few yards before them, walking leisurely across the grass from the direction of the road, appeared a gentleman of some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, of whom at first sight there could be no question that he was one of the most distinguished and handsomest men of his day. He was carefully dressed in a style which only men of exceptional figure can wear without extravagance, but which in their case

seems only fitting and right. He wore a small walking sword, so hung as not to interfere in the least with the contour of his form, with which his dress also evidently harmonised. His features were faultlessly cut, and the expression, though weary and perhaps almost insolent, bore slight marks of dissipation, and the glance of his eyes was serene and even kindly. He saw the pair before him and instantly stopped. It is probable that the incident was equally embarrassing on both sides, but the visible effect was very different. The two young people stood utterly silent and aghast. The lady was evidently frightened and distressed, while her companion seemed prepared to strike the intruder to the earth. On the other hand, the Marquis, for such was his rank, showed no signs of embarrassment.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said; "I perceive that I have committed a *gaucherie*. Growing tired of the hunt, I returned to the château, and hearing from the servants that Mademoiselle had gone down into the forest to visit her old nurse at the cottage by the terrace, I thought how pleasant it would be to go to meet her and accompany her home. I had even presumed to think," he continued, smiling, and as he spoke he turned to the young man with a gesture of perfect courtesy—"I even presumed to think that my presence might be some small protection to Mademoiselle in the wilds of the forest. I was unaware, of course, that she was guarded with such loyal and efficient care." He paused for a moment, and then continued with greater dignity and kindness of expression, "I need not add, Mademoiselle, as a gentleman whose name hitherto, I believe, has been free from taint, I need not add that Mademoiselle need fear no embarrassment in the future from this chance encounter."

It was perhaps strange, but it seemed that the politeness and even friendliness of the Marquis, so far from soothing, irritated the young

man. He remained silent, but kept his black and angry glance fixed upon the other.

But the girl seemed differently affected. She hesitated for a moment, and then took a step forward, speaking with her clasped hands before her, with a winning and beseeching gesture.

"You see before you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "two as miserable young creatures as, I hope, exist upon the earth. Let me present to you Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, of the regiment of Flanders."

The gentlemen bowed.

"—Who has known me all my life," continued the girl, speaking rapidly; "who has loved me—whom I love. We meet to-day for the last time. We should not have told you—I should not have mentioned this to you—because I know—we know—that it is useless to contend against what is fixed for us—what is decreed. We meet to-day for the last time; the fleeting moments are running past—ah! how quickly—in another moment they will be gone." . . .

Here the emotion that overpowered her choked her utterance. She stopped, and to prevent herself from falling, she clung to the Chevalier's arm.

The Marquis looked at her in silence, and his face became perfectly beautiful with its expression of pity. A marble statue, indeed, might almost have been expected to show emotion at the sight of such beauty in such distress. There was a pause. Then the Marquis spoke.

"I am most honoured," he said, "to be permitted to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Chevalier, whose name, if I mistake not, is already, though that of so young an officer, mentioned with distinction in the despatches of Monsieur de Broglie. For what you have said to me, Mademoiselle—and what you have condescended to confide to me has torn my spirit—I fear I can offer you but little consolation. Your good

sense has already assured you that these things are settled for us. They are inevitable. And in the present case there are circumstances which make it absolutely essential to the interests of Monsieur le Comte, your father, that these espousals, at any rate, should take place at once. Even were I"—here he turned to the Chevalier with a smile—"even were I to pick a quarrel with your friend, and a few seconds sooner than in the natural course of events it probably would, allow his sword to pass through my heart, I fear the result would be simply to substitute another in my place, another who, I, with perhaps a natural vanity, may fancy, would not place matters in a happier light. But let us not look at things too gloomily. You say that this is your last hour of happiness; that is not necessary. It is true that the espousals must take place at once. The interests of your father require this. But there is no need that Mademoiselle's feelings should not be consulted with regard to the final consummation of the nuptials. These need not be hurried. Monsieur le Chevalier may have other opportunities of making his adieux. And I hope that my influence, which, in after years, may be greater than it is at present, will enable me to further any views he may have with regard to higher commands in the service of his majesty."

The words were those of ordinary compliment, yet the manner of the Marquis was so winning that had it been possible it would have affected even the Chevalier himself; but if a highwayman is threatening your life it is not much consolation that he offers to return you a franc piece.

The Chevalier remained cold and gloomy.

The Marquis looked at him for a moment; then he continued, addressing himself to the girl—

"But I am intruding myself on Mademoiselle. I will continue my walk to the terrace, the afternoon is delightfully fine. As you are

aware, Monsieur le Comte is hunting in the valleys to the west. All the *piqueurs* are withdrawn to that side of the forest. I should hope that Mademoiselle will not again be interrupted in her walk."

Then without another word he courteously saluted the young people, and continued his walk up the path. He never turned his head, indeed he would have allowed himself to be broken on the wheel rather than have done anything of the kind, but the others were not so reticent; several times they stopped and looked back at the Marquis as he paused every now and then as if to admire the beauties of the scene. At last he reached the corner of the cottage and disappeared from their view.

The beauties of the scene, however, did not entirely occupy the mind of the Marquis. At the most enchanting point, where opening valley and stream and mountain and distant tower burst upon his view, he paused, and murmured to himself, "Some men, now, might have made mischief out of this. Let us wait and see."

II.

THE Chateau de Fronténac was built upon a natural terrace half way up the slope of the forest with the craggy ravines clothed with foliage surrounding it on every side. It consisted of two courts, the oldest of which had been built in the earliest days of French domestic architecture, when the detached buildings of the mediæval castle were first brought together into a compact block. In accordance with the singular notion of those days that the south and west were unhealthy aspects, the principal rooms of this portion of the chateau faced the north and east. They consisted of vast halls and saloons succeeding each other with apparently purposeless extension, and above them a suite of bed chambers of solemn and funereal aspect. These saloons and bed chambers had been left unaltered for cen-

turies, and the furniture must have been antique in the reign of Henri Quatre. The other court had been built much more recently, and, in accordance with more modern notions, the chief apartments faced the south and west. From its windows, terraced gardens descended into the ravine, and spread themselves along the side of the hill. The architecture had probably, when first the court had been added to the chateau, contrasted unpleasantly with the sombre pile beyond; but the lapse of centuries with their softening hand had blended the whole into a unity of form and colour, and adventurous plants creeping silently over the carved stone work of the straggling fronts wrought a soft veil of nature's handiwork over the artificial efforts of man.

The saloons in this part of the chateau were furnished more or less in the modern taste with cabinets of ebony and ivory of the days of Louis Quatorze, and buhl work of the eighteenth century; but as the modern articles were added sparingly, the effect on the whole was quiet and pleasing. The De Fronténacs, while enjoying the more convenient portion of their abode, prided themselves upon the antique apartments, and kept them in scrupulous repair. In these vast and mysterious halls all the solemn meetings and ceremonies of the family had place. Here when death had touched his own, the De Fronténacs lay in state; here the infant heir was baptised; here the important compacts of marriage were signed; here the feast of *Noël* was held. It is true that for the last century or so these ideas had been growing weaker, and the usages of modern life and the fascinations of the capital, had broken in upon these ancient habits, and weakened the attachments and associations from which they sprang; but the De Fronténacs were a fierce and haughty race, and never entirely lost the characteristics of their forefathers. Now and again, at some distaste of court life, or some fancied slight on

the part of the monarch, they would retire to their forest home, and resume for a time at least the life and habits of a nobler and a prouder day.

In the largest of these old saloons, the day after the meeting in the forest, the whole household of the château was assembled. At a long table were seated several gentlemen well known in Paris as among the highest of the *noblesse de la robe*, and rolls of parchment and masses of writing, with great seals hanging from their corners, covered the table. The walls of the saloon were hung with portraits of several epochs of art, including the works of artists then alive; for it was a peculiarity of the De Fronténacs that venerating, as they did, the antique portion of their château, they invariably hung the portraits of the family as they were painted in these old and faded rooms, reserving for the modern apartments the landscapes and fancy pictures which from time to time they purchased.

When the moment had arrived at which the contracts were to be signed, there was a movement in the room, and Mademoiselle de Fronténac, accompanied by her mother, entered and advanced towards the table. She was perfectly collected, and bowed to the Marquis with an unembarrassed grace. No one ignorant of the circumstances of the case would have supposed that anything approaching to a tragedy was being enacted in that room.

The Marquis signed more than one document, and as he stepped back from the table he ran his eyes carelessly over the room, with which he was unacquainted. Fronting him, above a massive sideboard with the full light of the opposite window upon it, was the portrait of a young man in the cuirass of an officer of cavalry of a previous century, whose eyes were fixed upon the Marquis with a stern and threatening glance. It seemed that, stepping from the canvas, there confronted him, as a few hours before he had met him in the forest, the Chevalier de Grissolles, whom he

had found with Mademoiselle de Fronténac.

Nothing probably could have made the Marquis start, but he gazed upon the portrait with interest not unmixed with surprise, and as soon as Mademoiselle had retired, which she did when her signatures had been obtained, he turned to the Count with a courteous gesture.

"These apartments, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "are certainly as fine as anything of the kind in Europe. I have seldom, indeed, seen anything that can be compared to them. And doubtless the portraits upon the walls are of exceptional interest. By your leave, I will glance round them;" and, accompanied by the Count he passed through several of the rooms, listening attentively to the descriptions and anecdotes which the different portraits required and suggested. There was somewhat of sameness perhaps in the story, for the French nobility had little scope of action other than the battle-field, and the collection lacked the pleasing variety of an English portrait gallery, where the variety of costumes, here a soldier, there a divine, now a lawyer or judge, and then a courtier, charms the eye and excites the fancy. The Marquis came back perhaps all the sooner to the great saloon.

The saloon was empty, and the lawyers and rolls of parchment were gone. The Marquis went straight to the portrait which had attracted his attention, and stood facing it without saying a word; the Count, after glancing carelessly round the room, followed his guest's example.

The vast hall was perfectly empty. The tables had been pushed aside into the windows, and the superb figure of the Marquis, standing upon the polished floor, would have been of itself sufficient to furnish the scene, but in proportion as the interest which the portrait had excited was manifested in the attitude of the Marquis, so much the more the figure on the wall seemed to gather life and intensity,

and to answer look for look with its living opposite.

"That painting," said the Count, after a moment's pause, "is the portrait of a cadet of my family, or rather, I should say, of a female branch of it, a Chevalier de Grissolles. He was a youth of great promise, a favourite, and aide-de-camp, of the great Prince de Condé; and he fell at Jarnac by his master's side. Enough of him," and the Count's manner changed as he glanced round the chamber, and advanced confidentially to the side of the Marquis. "Enough of him; but I am not sorry your attention has been directed towards his portrait, because it enables me to introduce, with somewhat less embarrassment, a subject to which I have hitherto shrunk from alluding. I am sorry to say, Monsieur le Marquis," continued the Count, with an uneasy smile, "that the chevalier whose portrait you see before you, was not the last of his race. There have been others who have borne the name, and there is one now. He is a lad in the regiment of Flanders, and was brought up in my family. Unfortunately he was allowed to attend Mademoiselle de Frontênac in her recreations, and a boy and girl attachment was formed between them, from which harmless child's play no one foreboded any evil. The young fool is constantly breaking away from his regiment, in which he is a great favourite, and is hanging about my daughter; and from what Madame la Comtesse tells me—I—I hardly like to say it, it is so absurd!—she is positively attached to him, seriously and devotedly attached. Positively I cannot sleep sometimes; this stupid affair has given me so much annoyance."

It did not increase the good humour of the Count, who was already in a sufficiently bad temper, to notice, as he could not help doing, that the Marquis did not seem in the least surprised at the information he had received, and what was still more irritating, that he seemed to regard it with perfect indifference. He appeared, in fact, to

be much more interested in studying the portrait before him, probably admiring it as a work of art.

"My dear Monsieur le Comte," he said at length, "I am really sorry that you should allow yourself to be so much annoyed over what seems to me to be a mere trifle. This marriage contract, so honourable to me, is now signed: at the present moment *mesieurs de la robe* are engaged, I doubt not, in arranging those pecuniary matters which you explained to me were of so much importance: why, then, should we trouble ourselves? As to this little *pastorale* which it seems is being enacted as a sort of interlude to the more serious business of the stage, it is what I imagine invariably takes place. What would become of the poets and romancists, otherwise? We must think of our own youth, Comte, and not be too hard upon the young people. Positively I feel quite old when I think of those delightful days—that spring-time of existence, those first loves," and the Marquis closed his eyes and sighed deeply, apparently from his heart.

The Count took a turn or two in the saloon, but it did not seem to soothe his temper.

"This is all very well, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, sharply, "and very witty; in delicate badinage we all know no one can equal Monsieur de St. Palaye, but I assure you, this is no laughing matter. This affair has grown beyond a joke. When my daughter has the honour—an honour I am well aware far higher than any she had a right to expect—of signing herself Madeline, Marquise de St. Palaye, it will not be my place, of course, to say a word. Then her honour will be in her husband's keeping—her honour and his. But while she remains in my house she is my daughter, and in my care, and I tell you plainly that this matter is past a joke."

A fleeting expression of extreme *ennui* passed over the Marquis's face,

and he evidently suppressed an inclination to yawn. Then with more *bonhomie* than he had previously shown he put his hand on his companion's arm.

"Well, my dear Comte," he said, smilingly, "I will do anything you wish—anything, that is, short of unpleasantly hurrying the nuptials—that I cannot do. It would be—in fact it would be such wretched taste—tears!—a scene!—a—*an esclandre* in general, my dear Count!"

Then linking his arm in that of the Count, he led him, still sulky and grumbling, out of the saloon, and into the modern court of the château; and the long lines of ancestors on the walls followed them as they passed, with angry and vindictive looks, as though enraged that they could not descend from their places and join again in the turmoil of life.

III.

THE second morning after the contract had been signed, the Marquis was seated in his dressing-room, about an hour before *déjeuner*, reading, apparently with great entertainment, though not for the first time, *Le Tauréau Blanc* of Monsieur de Voltaire. While he was thus agreeably occupied the door was violently thrown open, and the Count, heated and excited, burst into the room.

"Marquis," he said, utterly regardless of any who might hear, "let me beg of you to get to horse at once and come with me. I have positive information that my daughter is at this moment giving an interview to that young scoundrel on one of the terraces in the wood. While we speak they may be planning an elopement—nay, even carrying it into effect. Let me beg of you to come at once!"

The Marquis laid down his book, crossed one knee over the other, and leaning back on his chair looked the Count in the face steadily for a second or two, as who should say "This man will be too much for me; I shall have

to press forward the nuptials, I see, in self-defence." Then he sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Very well, my dear Count," he said, "I will be as quick as possible. Pierre, see that they bring some horses round; come into my closet yourself, and send Charles and Alphonse and all the men here at once. I will make haste, my dear Count, indeed I will."

Whether the Marquis did make haste as he said, or whether the number of valets impeded each other, it is certain that it was a long time before he descended to the court of the château, where he found the Count pacing up and down, fuming and cursing his delay. They got to horse as soon as possible, and rode down the forest road, but the Marquis reined his horse in so often, and made such inappropriate remarks upon the beauty of the morning and of the view, that the Count could bear it no longer.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "I am sorry I have disturbed you so much; I am very anxious to press forward, but I will not hurry you, I will ride forward at once."

"Pray do not delay a moment on my account," said the other; "I shall rejoin you anon."

The Count put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his servants, was lost to sight behind the windings of the path.

The moment he disappeared the Marquis drew his rein, and turning to his valet, said in a tone perfectly different from that which he had hitherto used:—

"On the north terrace, do you say?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the man, with a smile; "on the north terrace to the left: not on the old terrace, as the Count is wrongly advised. They have been there a long time; I should think they must be about parting."

The Marquis turned his horse, and, followed by his men, retraced his

steps until they reached a scarcely perceptible path which now on their right hand, found its way down into the road. Here he dismounted, and taking his riding-whip with him in place of a cane, began leisurely to ascend the path. When he had gone a yard or two, however, he turned to the valet and said:

"Wait here with the horses, and should Monsieur le Comte return, say to him that I have taken the opportunity of the fine morning to enjoy one of the numerous views on his delightful estate. Say that to him, neither more nor less."

When the Marquis reached the head of the path he found himself at the end of a long and grassy terrace, from which the path was screened by thick bushes. Standing, for a moment, so concealed, he became conscious of the presence of the two young lovers whom he had met some few days ago in the forest. Again he could see the face of the young girl, and again he was moved by the sight. He waited till they had reached the other end of the terrace, and then came forward, so as not to startle them by his sudden appearance. They met half way.

"I am sorry once again," said the Marquis, speaking simply, and without affectation, "to intercept Mademoiselle, especially as this time I have no excuse but have acted with pre-pense. Monsieur le Comte, your father, is ridden out in hot haste and temper upon some mischievous information he has received concerning Mademoiselle and Monsieur le Chevalier. I did what I could to delay him, and finally left him, having better information, it appears, than he had. But he will be here anon. I was compelled to leave my horses in the road below, and when he returns from his fruitless quest he will doubtless follow me here. Monsieur le Chevalier will doubtless see the propriety of avoiding an unpleasant meeting."

"I have to thank you, Monsieur le Marquis," said the young man, whose

manner seemed compounded of an intense dislike, and a sense that politeness was due to one who, under singular circumstances had behaved in a more friendly manner than could have been looked for; "I have to thank you for previous courtesy, and for, I have no doubt, much consideration to-day. I will not linger any more."

He took the girl in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps scarcely courteous; then, gloomily bowing to the Marquis, he plunged into the thickest of the wood and disappeared.

The Marquis took no notice of the warmth of his leave-taking, but, having his riding-whip and hat in one hand, he offered the other arm to the girl, saying—

"If Mademoiselle will honour me by taking a turn upon the terrace before her father's arrival I shall esteem it a favour, as it will give me the opportunity of saying a single word."

The girl took his arm willingly, and as she did so she said, with a winning and confiding gesture—

"Monsieur le Marquis, I think you are the best and kindest of men."

"I wish to put before Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, speaking gently, but very gravely, "one or two considerations; and I could wish that it were possible for her to regard it as the advice of an absolutely impartial friend. The first is one of which I hesitate to speak, because it seems to cast a slur, in some manner, upon the character of Monsieur le Chevalier. But man is very weak, especially when exposed to such temptation as, fortunately for him, rarely in this world crosses his path. These shady groves and grassy banks are the places where the deceitful god delights to work his mischief—a mischief which is never repaired. I know, of course, that there are many who speak of these things lightly, and who even view these flowery, but

dangerous, paths with approbation ; but I cannot think that Mademoiselle would tread them without violating the *bienséance* which alone makes life tolerable, or tainting the purity of those lustrous ranks of which she will be the brightest star. I pass, at once, to another thought which it is not impossible Monsieur le Chevalier has already suggested." He paused, as the tremor of the girl's hand upon his arm showed that he was not speaking in vain. "I mean," he continued, "the project of seeking in another land that happiness which I fear appears to Mademoiselle to be denied her in this. Could I see any permanent prospect of happiness in such a course I would not shrink, Quixotic as it might seem, from advising you to adopt it. But there appear to me insuperable objections to such a course. I do not see how it is possible for Mademoiselle so to elude the affectionate solicitude of her family as to obtain more than a couple of hours' start. Couriers on swift horses would be sent to the *Intendants* of the provinces, to the postmasters on the great roads, and to the officers on the frontiers. After experiencing toil and hardships which it is pitiful to think of, Mademoiselle would probably be overtaken before she reached the frontier. But supposing that such was not the case ; supposing that she succeeded by the skill of Monsieur le Chevalier and the swiftness of his horses in reaching a foreign land, the Chevalier is a sworn servant of the King of France. He would be arrested in any court and city of Europe ; he would be brought back to France, and the Bastile, or some inferior prison, would be his home for life. When I add to this the hardships of life in a foreign land, of the rupture of family ties, of hatred and animosity where there should be nothing but serenity, of the failure of family schemes and hopes, and of the tie which binds persons of our rank all over the world to discountenance actions which

are regarded as subversive of family order, and even life—I cannot, I say, when I think of such certain hardship, of such possible disgrace and misery—I cannot advise Mademoiselle to adopt such a course. The certainty that she would soon be separated from her friend seems to me to decide the matter."

The Marquis paused ; but as the girl made no reply, he continued—

"For myself, I say nothing ; it is my misfortune that I have been introduced to Mademoiselle under circumstances which render it impossible that I should make that impression which it would have been the ambition of my life to achieve ; but this, perhaps, I may say, that should Mademoiselle decide to let matters take their course, and as far as circumstances will permit, to repose in me her confidence, it would indeed seem a fatality no less strange than sad, should she prove the first who, in the long course of centuries, had reason to regret that they placed confidence in the word of a St. Palaye."

It seemed that something in the words of the Marquis, strange as they may appear to some people, or something in his manner as he spoke them, did not affect the girl unpleasantly, for she was in the act of saying, what indeed she had said before, but now with one slight but important modification—

"Marquis, you are the best and kindest of men"—when her father, heated with riding and with anger, burst through the trees at the end of the terrace, and overlooking in his fury what was before his eyes, exclaimed—

"Well, Marquis, I told you how it would be : I cannot find them ! This wretched girl—" he stopped suddenly, open-mouthed, as straight before him, apparently on the most friendly terms, the girl hanging confidently upon her companion's arm, stood the Marquis, and she of whom he was in such desperate chase. It was impossible for either to conceal a smile.

"My dear Comte," said the Marquis, "I am sorry you have had so much unnecessary trouble. The truth is that after you left me it occurred to me that, in the little domestic scene you were anticipating, I should play an insignificant, not to say a somewhat ridiculous figure. Warm as is the interest which I must naturally feel in everything that concerns Mademoiselle, I think that these family matters are always best managed by the family itself. I therefore turned aside to enjoy perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful views to be found on this estate, and to my delight I found Mademoiselle engaged in a precisely similar occupation. It augurs well, I am sure, for our future happiness, that at this early period our tastes are found to be so similar."

The Count saw that he was being laughed at, and indeed it may as well be confessed at once that the Marquis erred in the manner in which he treated the Count. This, however, should be remembered in extenuation, that nothing could be more intolerable to him than the part of jealous husband and lover which the Count appeared determined to force him to play. It was not in human nature but that he should take a little quiet revenge.

"But did you see nothing of the Chevalier?" blundered out the Count.

"Really, my dear Count, I have not had time, had I possessed the power, to challenge my adversary to mortal combat, to run him through the heart, to cut him up into small bits, and to bury him beneath the sod. Besides, you will observe that the grass all around is perfectly undisturbed. I assure you solemnly, Monsieur le Comte," continued the Marquis, apparently with the greatest earnestness, "that the Chevalier does not lie murdered beneath my feet."

The words were spoken in jest, but they were recalled to memory, afterwards, by more than one.

The Count turned sulkily away, and his daughter and the Marquis followed him back to the château.

IV.

A FEW days after these events the Count removed his family to Paris, travelling in several large carriages, and accompanied by numerous servants on horseback. The Marquis accompanied them, and, by what might appear a curious coincidence, on the very morning upon which they set out on their journey, the Chevalier received, at the little *Auberge* on the farther side of the forest, where he lodged, an imperative order to join his regiment without delay. Furious at the success of what he conceived to be the interference of the Marquis and the Count, he obeyed the order, resolved to return to Paris at the earliest opportunity.

The winter passed in Paris as winters in great cities usually do. The Chevalier stole up from the frontier more than once, and at court balls, at the theatre, and at the private assemblies he succeeded in seeing Mademoiselle de Fronténac more often than he perhaps had expected, but though his opportunities exceeded his hopes, the result was not proportionally favourable. Whether Mademoiselle had succumbed to the paternal influence, or whether the Marquis had succeeded in substituting his own attractions for those of the Chevalier, it was evident that her manner became colder and more reserved at each interview.

The winter at last was over, and one evening in summer, after a royal concert at Versailles, when the king's violins had performed such delicate and yet pathetic music of Monsieur Rousseau's that the court was ravished by it, the Chevalier met his mistress by appointment in one of the pavilions of the orangery. He had secret means of obtaining admission to the precincts of the palaces which were well understood by the courtiers of those days.

Mademoiselle de Fronténac was perfectly pale as she came into the pavilion, and she seemed to walk with difficulty; she stopped immediately

when within the door, and spoke at once, as though she were repeating a lesson.

"Do not come any nearer, Monsieur le Chevalier," she said; "I am the wife of another."

He stopped, therefore, where he was, on the other side of the small pavilion, and across the summer evening light that mingled with the shimmer of the candelabras, he saw her for the last time.

Neither spoke for a moment or two, and then she said, still as though conning a part—

"I have promised, Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, to be the wife of the Marquis de St. Palaye, and I will keep my word."

"You are not speaking your own words, Madeleine," he said, eagerly; "let your own heart speak!" and coming forward across the pavilion, he was on the point of taking her hand.

Then the door by which she had entered opened again, and the Count de Fronténac, with a quiet and firm step, glided in, and stood by his daughter's side.

At this sight, which revealed to him, as it seemed, the faithlessness of his mistress, and the plot which was woven around him on every side, the Chevalier lost his self-control.

"I was aware, Monsieur le Comte," he burst forth, "that in this *pays du diable* the privileges of parents were numerous and inalienable, but till this moment I did not know that eavesdropping was one of them."

The Count made no reply, except by raising his hat; and his daughter, bowing with a mechanical grace that was pitiful to see, said—

"I wish you farewell, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Madeleine," said the young man, "I wish you farewell for ever; and I pray God, with what sincerity will be known when we stand, each of us, before His judgment bar, that you may not bitterly regret your words this night."

Then, perfectly pale, but more com-

posed than before he had spoken, he too raised his hat courteously, and left the room.

That evening there were enacted within a stone's throw of each other, two very different scenes.

When the Marquis de St. Palaye returned to his hotel he was told that the family lawyer, Monsieur Cacotte, was waiting to see him, having at the first possible moment brought him some deeds which Monsieur le Marquis was very anxious should be completed.

The Marquis would see him at once, and, after a few minutes' delay, he entered the room in which the lawyer was seated at a table which was covered with parchments. The room was one in which the Marquis usually sat when the festivities of the day, whether at home or abroad, were over; it was richly furnished as a library, and upon the wide hearth there burned a fire of wood, though it was summer. Greeting the lawyer with great friendliness of manner, St. Palaye threw himself somewhat wearily into a chair, and gazed at the blazing wood-ashes.

A servant entered the room with wine.

"I am sorry, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "to come to you at so unseasonable an hour; but your instructions were so precise that the moment this first will was ready it should be brought to you to sign, that I did not dare to wait till the morrow."

"You did quite right, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis. "No one can tell what may happen before the morrow."

"I have indeed," continued the lawyer, "prepared both wills, so that Monsieur can satisfy himself that they are both exactly alike. The one will be signed immediately after the marriage; the other at once. They both contain the same clauses, and especially the one upon which Monsieur le Marquis so much insisted; 'that the sum of fifty thousand louis

d'or, charged upon the unsettled estates in Poitou and Auvergne, should be paid within three months of the death of the testator to Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, for a purpose which he will appreciate and understand.' Those, I think, were the words Monsieur wished to have used."

"They seem quite correct," said the Marquis.

"I am sorry," continued the lawyer, "that this extra expense, which seems to me unnecessary, should be entailed."

"In that," said the Marquis, politely, "you only show, Monsieur Cacotte, that care and interest in the good of the family which you have always manifested both in the time of my father and of myself. My father, the late Marquis de St. Palaye, always expressed to me the obligation under which he conceived himself to be in this respect, and this obligation is, of course, much increased in my case."

"The obligation, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "if such there be, has been too liberally repaid both by your father and yourself."

"To tell the truth, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis, leaning back in his chair, with his feet stretched out towards the fire, and speaking with an appearance of being perfectly at home with his companion, and desirous of confiding in him, "to tell the truth I am even in this age of science and encyclopedias somewhat superstitious, and I have a presentiment—the St. Palayes often had it—that I have not long to live. Do not suppose that I shrink from this prospect, though it is a singular statement for a man to make who is about to marry, and to marry such a bride as mine! Yet I do not mind confiding to you, Monsieur Cacotte, that I am somewhat wearied of life. The world grows very old, and it does not seem to mend."

"Monsieur le Marquis has been too long unmarried," said the lawyer. "I am not surprised that he should be

wearied of the enjoyments which he has had the opportunity of tasting to such repletion. He will speak differently when he has a lovely woman by his side, and knows the felicity of wife and child."

"Ah, Monsieur Cacotte!" said the Marquis, smiling, "you speak, as they all do, of felicity. There is such a thing, believe me, as the intolerable weariness of a too constant felicity. When I hear even of the joy of the future, and of the bliss of heaven, it seems to me sometimes that the most blissful heaven is to cease to exist. Let me sign the deed."

A servant was called in as a witness, and the Marquis signed the first will. Then he said to Monsieur Cacotte—

"The marriage will take place in six weeks in Auvergne; I hope that Monsieur Cacotte will honour the ceremony with his presence. I can assure you from my own experience that you will have nothing to complain of in the hospitality of Monsieur le Comte."

* * * * *

The Chevalier returned to his lodging about the same time that the Marquis entered his hotel. His valet awaited him that he might change his dress as usual before going into the town to spend the remainder of the evening. The man perceived at once that his master was excited and unhappy. He was an Italian by birth, and had accompanied the Chevalier in his campaigns, and in his secret visits to the Château de Fronténac. He saw that the crisis had arrived.

"Does Monsieur go down into Auvergne this autumn?" he said.

"We go down once more," said the Chevalier, gloomily. He had divested himself of his court dress, and was taking from his valet a suit of dark clothes somewhat resembling a hunting suit. "Yes, we go down once more: this cursed marriage will take place a month hence."

"Monsieur takes this marriage too much to heart," said the Italian—and

as he spoke he handed the coat, which his master put on—"it may never take place. A month hence in the country they will begin to hunt—to hunt the boar. No doubt the party at the château will divert themselves in this way while the nuptial ceremonies are arranged. It is a dangerous sport. Many accidents take place, many unfortunate shots—quite unintentional. Monsieur le Chevalier is a finished sportsman. He has a steady hand, and a sure eye. *C'est un fait accompli.*"

The Chevalier started: in the large glass before him he saw a terrible figure dressed as for the chase, but pale as a corpse, and trembling in every limb as with the palsy. He shuddered, and turned away.

V.

THE *piqueurs* sent up word to the château that a magnificent boar had been lodged in a copse at the foot of the forest road. An answer was sent down accordingly that the Marquis would drive him early in the morning, and that he should be turned if possible towards the château.

In the morning, therefore, very early, the whole household was astir. The ladies were mounted, and, divided into parties, cantered down the road and along the forest paths to those points where, according to the advice of their several attendant cavaliers, the hunt would most likely be seen to advantage. The Marquis, it was said, had been down at a still earlier hour to rouse the boar. Every now and then a distant horn sounding over the waving autumn forest told that the sport had commenced.

The ladies were gay and delighted, and those of the gentlemen who, like Monsieur Cacotte, were not much accustomed to country life and scenes, shared their enjoyment to the full. And indeed it seemed a morning out of fairyland. From every branch and spray upon which the leaves, tinted with a thousand colours, were trem-

bling already to their fall, hung sparkling festoons of fairy lace, the mysterious gossamer web which in a single night wreathes a whole forest with a magic covering which the first hour of sunlight as soon destroys. Yellows, browns, and purples formed the background of this dazzling network of fairy silver which crossed in all directions the forest rides.

But though the morning was so lovely the ladies grew tired of riding up and down waiting for the hunt. The horns became fainter and more distant, and it became evident that the chase had drifted to the eastward.

"Why do you stay here, Monsieur de Circassonne?" said Mademoiselle de Fronténac, smiling, to a young man, almost a boy, who had with the utmost devotion remained by the side of herself and a very pretty girl, her companion. "Why do you stay here? You are not wont to desert the chase. What can have happened to the Marquis and the rest?"

The boy looked somewhat sheepish, and replied to the latter part of the question only.

"I fancy that the boar has broken out, in spite of the *piqueurs*, and that the Marquis has failed to turn him. They have probably lost him in the forest."

"But is not that very dangerous?" said the pretty girl. "If they do not know where the boar is, he may burst out upon us at any moment."

The boy looked at her as though much pleased.

"That is quite true," he said. "It was one reason why I stayed."

Monsieur de Circassonne was not far wrong in his opinion. This is what had happened.

When the Marquis arrived at the cover, very soon after sunrise, he found that the boar, ungraciously refusing to wait his opponent's convenience, had broken cover, and wounding one of the *piqueurs*, who attempted to turn him, had gone down the valley. He was described as an unusually fine

animal, and the dogs were upon his track.

The course which the boar had taken lay through the thick of the forest. It was rugged and uneven, and he could only be pursued on foot. After some distance had been traversed, the scent was suddenly crossed by a large sow, who, as frequently happened, apparently with the express purpose of diverting the pursuit from her companion, crossed immediately in front of the dogs and went crashing down through the coppice to the right. Most of the hounds followed her, and the *piqueurs*, with few exceptions, followed the dogs. The Marquis, however, succeeded in calling off some of the oldest hounds, and accompanied by two or three *piqueurs*, followed the original chase. Some distance farther on, however, the boar had taken to the water, and the scent was lost. At the same time the horns sounding in the valley to the right, showed that the deserters had come up with their quarry, and distracted the attention of both *piqueurs* and dogs. The former were of opinion that the boar had simply crossed the river, and taking the dogs across they made a cast on the opposite bank, where the dogs ran backwards and forwards baying disconsolately. The Marquis, however, believing that the boar had followed the course of the stream for at least some distance, kept on the left bank, and forcing his way round one or two craggy points, found at last the spot where the boar, apparently but a few moments before, had scrambled up the bank. He sounded his horn, but either from the baying of the dogs, or the noise and excitement in the valley below, he was disregarded, and pushing aside the branches before him, the Marquis found himself at the foot of a ravine down which a mountain torrent was rushing to join the river below. The bed of the ravine was composed of turf over-strewn with craggy rock, and on either side rugged cliffs, out of the fissures of which lofty oaks and chestnuts had grown

for centuries, towered up towards the sky.

The Marquis waited for a moment, but hearing no reply to his horn, he entered the ravine alone.

As he did so, the strange shapes which the hanging roots and branches of the trees assumed might seem to beckon and warn him back; but, on the other hand, a thousand happy and pleasing objects spoke of life and joy. The sun shone brilliantly through the trembling leaves, birds of many colours flitted from spray to spray, butterflies and bright insects crossed the fretted work of light and shade. The chase was evidently before him—why should he turn back?

Some fifty yards up the valley the rocks retreated on either side, leaving a wide and open grassy space, down which the torrent was rushing and over which fragments of basaltic rock, split from the wooded cliffs above, were strewn. At the summit of this grassy slope, standing beneath a bare escarpment of basalt, the Marquis saw the boar.

Its sides and legs were stained with mud and soil, but the chase had been very short, and the animal seemed to have turned to bay more out of curiosity and interest than from terror or exhaustion. It stood sniffing the air and panting with excitement, its hair bristling with anger, its white and polished tusks shining in the sun.

When the Marquis saw this superb creature standing above him on the turf, a glow of healthy and genuine pleasure passed over his face. He swung his horn round far out of reach behind his back, and drew his long and jewelled knife. The boar and he would try this issue alone.

For some seconds they stood facing each other. Then the posture of the Marquis changed inexplicably. He rose to his full height, his gaze was fixed as if by fascination upon a long range of low rocks above him to the left, and an expression of surprise, which did not amount to anxiety even, came into his face. Then he dropped

his knife, threw his arms up suddenly over his head, and falling backwards, rolled once over and lay motionless upon the uneven turf in an uneasy posture, his head lower than the limbs. A puff of white smoke rose from the rocks above, and the reverberating echo of a hunting piece struck the rocks and went on sounding alternately from side to side down the valley.

The boar, startled at the shot, and, still more, probably, by the sudden fall of his adversary, crept into the thicket, and, while a man might count sixty, an awful silence fell upon hill, and rock, and wood. The myriad happy creatures that filled the air with murmur and with life, became invisible and silent, and even the rushing torrent ceased to sound. Then a terrible figure, habited in the costume of the chase, but trembling in every limb as with a palsy, rose from behind the

rocks upon the left. With tottering and uneven steps, it staggered down the grassy slope, and stood beside the fallen man. The Marquis opened his eyes, and when he saw this figure he tried to raise himself from the uneasy posture in which he had fallen. When he found it was impossible, a smile of indescribably serene courtesy formed itself gradually upon his face.

"Ah, Chevalier," he said, speaking slowly, and at intervals, "that was scarcely fair! Make my regrets to the Marquise. Monsieur Cacotte—will speak to you—about—my—will."

Then, the smile fading from the lips, his head fell back into the uneasy posture in which it had lain, and the Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye rested in peace upon the blood-stained grass.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE LONDON POLICE.

THERE is nothing which foreigners who have been any time in London admire more than the police of this metropolis. The men who compose the force are so utterly different to the *gens d'armes*, or the *sergents de ville*, or other guardians of the peace in any continental city; they are so entirely unconnected with politics, or with any political movements; they are so visibly and essentially custodians of law and order; they are, with rare exceptions, so civil and obliging to all who seek their assistance; and though last, not least, they manage to make themselves obeyed to the very letter of their instructions; that to such as witness their working for the first time they are a never-ending subject of wonder and admiration, which, we who have always been accustomed to them, have considerable difficulty to understand. The vast majority of Englishmen regard them as they do any other body of public servants who are paid for doing a certain work. And yet, if we reflect that in the metropolitan district alone there are 607,014 houses,¹ inhabited by 4,814,838 inhabitants,² and that to guard them, and to maintain order in the crowded streets, there are, including all ranks, only 11,205³ members of the police force, of whom, save on exceptional occasions, not more than half can be on duty at the same time, we must come to the conclusion that, taken as a whole, the police duties of this great city are most admirably performed.

It has fallen to the lot of the present writer, on two occasions, to hear eminent foreigners speak of the Lon-

don police in the most eulogistic terms. The first was in the winter of 1863-64, when passing through Paris on his way home from Syria, where he had been employed for three or four years in organising a police force under the Turkish government. In those days, the comparatively recent massacre of the Christians on Mount Lebanon, was still a topic of interest with most Frenchmen. The Emperor Napoleon heard of an Englishman who had witnessed all the horrible scenes of 1860, being in Paris, and expressed a wish to see him. The interview took place, and the conversation turned upon police matters in different parts of the world. The Emperor expressed himself in the highest terms of admiration respecting all he had seen of our London police. "A dozen of your constables," he said, "will keep a crowd in better order than a battalion of French soldiers; and what is most to be admired about them is that they so rarely seem to lose their temper, and hardly ever appear to abuse their power. I was in London," he continued, "during the Chartist riots, and saw a great deal of the police, and I saw nothing but what I greatly admired in their conduct."

Another opportunity of hearing a well-known Frenchman speak of the force occurred at Versailles in 1871, when Paris was in possession of the Commune. The present writer was there as special correspondent of a London paper; and having a letter of introduction to M. Thiers, was asked by the latter to breakfast with him and his family, French fashion, at twelve o'clock. During the meal, news was brought in of some fresh atrocity committed by the scoundrels

¹ From statistics furnished the writer of this paper at Scotland Yard, February, 1882.

² Ditto, ditto.

³ Ditto, ditto.

who then ruled over the capital of France. As the conversation proceeded, the President looked across the table to the only Englishman present, and said, "If we could only organise such a police force as you have in London, these *émeutes* against law and order would be as rare in France as they are in England." And he went on to relate what he had observed respecting our force when over in this country, at the time the Orleans family took refuge amongst us in 1848. What seemed to have struck him most forcibly, was the forbearance and good temper, combined with firmness, which our police displayed upon every occasion when their services were required. In Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and even to a certain extent in New York, the police seem to look upon themselves as more the masters than the servants of the public. And, as in every human institution what does not improve is pretty certain to retrograde, our police force is in many respects much more efficacious than it was in the days of which the Emperor Napoleon and M. Thiers spoke. The manner in which constables are stationed at all the more crowded crossings, and the way in which they pilot across the dangers of the street women, children, elderly men, and, indeed, all who seek, or who seem to need, their help, is beyond praise, and never fails to excite the wonder and admiration of foreigners. An instance of this occurred in London not long ago. At the post-office at the Piccadilly Circus one very foggy afternoon, an Italian gentleman was wildly gesticulating, and trying to make himself understood by a small crowd that had gathered round him. As he did not speak a word of any language save his own, this was difficult. The present writer accosted him, and offered to act as interpreter. He found that this individual's trouble was as follows. He had been safely taken over the crossing by the policeman on duty, and, as he said, the latter had saved

him from certain death, which must have occurred had he been run over by one of the numerous vehicles which throng that particular spot. He believed that the constable's act had been one of pure and exceptional kindness to him; and he wanted to know how much he ought to give the man as a present. When told that what had occurred was a simple act of duty, and that the policeman could not under the circumstances receive any *buono mano*, his astonishment was great, and he went his way up Regent Street exclaiming how different were the police of London from those of his Italian home.

Better testimony as to the manner in which the metropolitan police carry out the rules of order among us could hardly be found than in a recent speech of Sir Edmund Henderson, the Chief Commissioner of the force. The occasion was a dinner given by the inhabitants of Hampstead to the men of the S division of police. Sir Edmund replied to one of the toasts, and in doing so said that it was "by strict attention to duty, by sobriety, and, above all, by civility," that the police endeavoured to do their duty. "I lay great stress upon civility," said the Chief Commissioner, "for I think it is the great characteristic of the metropolitan police force. The police have a tremendous power in their hands, and if there is one thing which an Englishman values more than another, it is his liberty. It is what Englishmen have inherited as an instinct. It is as deep rooted in the prince as it is in the burgher, and perhaps a little stronger in the latter than in the former; and when the policeman puts his hand upon an Englishman and touches him, he touches that man upon his tenderest point, and it must be done with a great deal of tact. Not long since," he went on to state, "two or three gentlemen were standing in the way, and making themselves very obnoxious. The police officer on duty went up to them and said, 'Stand back, gentlemen, and you

will greatly oblige me.' The persons stood back at once. This was a little thing; but it showed the tact of the officer."¹

Sentiments like these from the Chief Commissioner of the police force will go farther towards making the men of the metropolitan police what they ought to be, than all the orders and regulations that could ever be officially published from Scotland Yard.

There can be no doubt but that, as Sir Edmund Henderson stated in the latter part of the same speech, a very great deal, or he might have said the greater part, of the success which attends the labours of the metropolitan police in the cause of order, is owing to moral force. He related how, when the Shah of Persia was in England, that monarch asked him, "How many persons he had to take care of?" The Chief Commissioner replied, "About four millions." The Shah then asked how many men he had to do this with? Sir Edmund replied, "About ten thousand." "How do you do this?" asked the Shah. The answer was, "I can hardly say: but it is done by moral force." "Can you explain what this moral force is?" was the Shah's next query. The Chief Commissioner answered, "I don't know what it is, but that is how we do it."² And of this there can be little doubt. It is chiefly by this "moral force," assisted, no doubt, by the common sense and law-abiding disposition of the great mass of Englishmen, that order is maintained in this, the largest, the most widely-spread, and the most widely-spread metropolis in the world. We are all far too apt not to make allowances for the police when a constable is wanted and is not to be found. But we ought to remember that however good the qualities of the force may be, it is impossible for any one of them to be in two places at the same time. The suburbs of this vast wil-

derness of bricks are every day increasing, and are spreading themselves in a manner which it is wonderful to contemplate. North, west, or south-west it is the same. After an absence of a year or two from any of the out-lying districts, it is almost impossible to recognise the place again. New terraces, crescents, roads, and villas spring up in every direction. To keep even a partially effective supervision of the houses in these places would require an increase of at least a hundred per cent of our present police force. With very few exceptions, the inhabitants of all our suburbs are so careless of consequences, that they almost seem to invite burglars to try their hands on habitations which are as utterly unprotected as if the world was peopled with none but honest people. If a house is broken into, and a constable does not happen to put in an immediate appearance, the cry is, "Where are the police?" But those who are the most ready to blame the force never think how few in number the latter are, when compared to the extent of straggling "roads," "terraces," and isolated buildings of all sorts they have too look after; and would probably be the very first to grumble and remonstrate were the police of their district doubled, and the rates made proportionally greater.

Another great difficulty that the London police have to contend with, more particularly in the suburbs, is the way in which our houses are built. The front doors and the entrances to the area may be secure enough; but who can answer for the back part of the same domicile? A constable may in the course of his beat examine carefully the chief entrance to every house, but did he do so both front and rear, he would not be able to go more than once over his beat during the entire night. It is true that these are evils for which no effectual remedy can be even suggested. To all who know what the suburbs of London are, and how very

¹ From the *Globe*, 8th February.

² The *Globe*, 8th February.

little hindrance the houses offer to burglars, the wonder is not that there are so many, but that there are, comparatively speaking, so few attempts made to break into them.

But the work that our London police have to do, must not be judged by what they have to prevent in the fashionable, or what may be called the respectable middle-class quarters of the metropolis. It is in the east, in parts of the west centre, and in the south of London, that when a constable goes forth to his beat of nightly duty, he may be said to carry his life in his hand. When a man may be set upon at any moment by a dozen roughs, who, on small provocation, will not only disable him by the most brutal means, but will, if left to finish their work, kill him outright, there must be not only a considerable amount of personal courage required, but a degree of moral as well as physical pluck that would do honour to any hero. Many of us must remember a case which occurred about two years ago in the Waterloo Road, where a constable who had attempted to separate two men who were fighting, was knocked down by the more than brutal spectators, and literally kicked to death. Nor was this a solitary instance of similar treatment which policemen have to endure when doing their duty in certain parts of the metropolis. Hardly a week passes that one or more of the force is not seriously injured by roughs, when attempting to carry out the orders they have received. For this reason, and because of the fact that burglars are getting more and more into the habit of carrying revolvers, it is becoming imperative that, at any rate in certain districts of London, the police should be allowed fire-arms. In a population of close upon four millions, there must necessarily be a large proportion of roughs of the worst and most brutal character, whose trade it is to live upon their fellow-creatures, and whose hands are against every one save their own fellow-scoundrels. It is becoming more and more evident

that the fear which these men used to have of the police is fast diminishing; and the only means of restoring it is by arming the force. The London rough is at heart a coward of the most arrant kind. If he has three or four companions to back him, he will attack and, if it suits him, murder, a policeman; but will never do so on anything like equal terms. Of fire-arms they have a mortal fear.¹ In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the mere show of a revolver would protect a constable from ill-usage; but if it were needful, the policeman should have full power to use the weapon, and until this is done, the force will never have the power they ought to possess among what Frenchmen would call "*les classes eccentricques*" of London.

Another reform which ought to be effected in our police force is that of doing away with the duty now imposed upon them of lying in wait to detect certain petty offences, which, when all is said, cannot be called sins against the community at large. It seems almost incredible that in a city like London, where vice and crime of every kind is to be met with at any time, and to any amount, and where the number of the police is very much too small for the work they have before them, the services of not by any means a few constables should be taken up not only with having to arrest, but with being obliged to appear in police offices against men who may make a bet in the street, or against publicans who keep their houses open a few minutes after hours. The evils caused by this old-womanly kind of legislation are numerous. The police themselves hate

¹ In 1856 the present writer when walking home in the early dawn of a summer's morning, was attacked by three roughs, all bigger men than himself. He happened, by the merest chance, to have an unloaded revolver in the pocket of his overcoat. With this he not only kept the ruffians at bay, but made them walk before him the better part of a mile until he arrived at a police-station and gave them in charge.

the work ; it makes them exceedingly unpopular with a class of men who might otherwise be of the utmost use to them. It is fast tending to create in England a feeling of setting class against class, and making the working man — rightly or wrongly — believe that there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor. If it is unlawful for two or three mechanics to compare their betting books in the Strand, or at the bar of a public-house, how can it be lawful to commit the same offence—only on a much larger scale—at Tattersalls, or at any West-end club? If two, three, or a dozen gentlemen were to offer each other bets, or make entrances in their betting books at the door of their club in St. James's Street or Pall Mall, would the police interfere? Or if a member of a proprietary club were to order claret for his breakfast, or a *chasse* of curaçoa after his coffee on a Sunday, would he be interfered with? It may seem like a social heresy ; but very many who have watched the working of these laws, are of opinion that a great deal of the drunkenness we see on Sundays is caused by condensing, as it were, the hours in which the public-houses are allowed to remain open. Whether these rules are right or wrong, however, the police force ought not to be used, and their time taken up, for purposes so utterly trivial and absurd. If any one creates a disturbance, whether in the street, public-house, or elsewhere, let him be taken into custody. But the police ought not to be brought into discredit by having duties thrust upon them for which they were never intended.

Most people have a sort of idea that the men of the London police are left pretty much to themselves as to the duties they have to perform and, until not very long ago, such was the case. But within the last twelve months, Mr. Howard Vincent, the Director of Criminal Investigations, has compiled an admirable *Police Code and Manual of Criminal Law*, in one small portable volume, which leaves nothing to be

desired in this respect. As the author very truly remarks in his preface : "The duties of a police-officer are so varied, and depend so much upon surrounding circumstances, that much must necessarily be left to practical experience and individual tact. But if there is a good foundation of theoretical knowledge, and a general acquaintance of the powers conferred by law, a constable will find himself the better able to discharge his duties to the public." The book must be a most valuable one for all who are connected with the force, and is by no means without interest for those who are interested in one of the most important questions of the present day regarding crime and its prevention.

Thus far, in the present paper, the subject of our London police has only been touched upon so far as the regular constables or order-keeping portion of the corps is concerned. Our street police may be said to have been improving ever since the corps was formed, and are now almost as near perfection as it is possible to make them. But it has been, and is yet in no slight degree, far otherwise with the detective portion of the force. For many years this branch of the service was in exceedingly bad repute. It was left very much to those who composed it to do as they liked ; and abuses crept in, of which the less said the better, and culminated in the scandals which were made public at the trial of Benson and his confederates, some five or six years ago.

The old saying, that when things come to the worst, they must mend, was then verified. The Government of the day took the matter up, and appointed Mr. Howard Vincent to be Director of Criminal Investigations. This gentleman has been in the army, and since leaving the service has been called to, and has practised at, both the English and the French bar. The

¹ *A Police Code, and Manual of Criminal Law.* By C. E. Howard Vincent, Director of Criminal Investigations. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. London, 1881.

appointment has proved in every way to be a judicious one, for Mr. Vincent has gradually, but very effectually, made changes and reforms in the department since he has been at its head. But there remains still a great deal to do before our detectives can be made as practically useful in the discovery of crime as their French brethren are, and have been for many years past. It is true that cases of murder are generally as quickly and as completely unravelled in England as in other countries. But in robberies, and more particularly those on a large scale, the result of our detectives' working leaves much to be desired. The reason seems to be, that in this country, public opinion, or, as it might, with truth, be called, popular prejudice, is not favourable to the system of men going about disguised for the discovery of crime and criminals. In an article upon the subject of "The French Detective Police," published in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, the writer remarks that "for the detection of such crimes as the great jewel robberies which are so common in England, perpetrated by organised gangs of thieves and receivers, the French system is wonderfully effective; but it often fails in unpremeditated criminal offences, committed by persons of previously unsuspected character. Even here, however, the special training of the French detective comes in. He does not, like his English colleague, bluster about the place, conducting a sort of rehearsal of magisterial examination, frightening honest servants, and putting real offenders on their guard; but goes quietly about his business, making his deductions often from the slightest and most trivial premises."¹ This, in few words, is a very fair statement of the question so far as it goes; but it hardly goes far enough. The chief reason why in robberies of great magnitude, the French detectives are so much more efficient than our own, is that the former are, so

to speak, a body of men quite apart from the regular police, and are rarely, if ever, brought amongst the latter to perform their functions. They are to the chiefs of the force they serve very much what spies are to the general of an army in time of war. The French system is based on the theory that it is practically always at war with the criminal classes; and that, as everything is lawful in war, so in a never-ending campaign against those who have broken, or will break, the law, it is perfectly justifiable to take any steps that will lead to the detection of the criminals. Curiously enough, in England we do, and yet we do not, hold the same doctrines. In petty matters of card-playing, betting, or supplying customers with drink at forbidden hours, we not unfrequently read in the police reports that "plain clothes officers," as they are called, will ask for what will, and does, bring those who supply them into trouble before the magistrate. But we refrain, as though it were morally dishonest to do so, from organising any system of secret supervision, or secret detection, by which robberies on a large scale could be found out. In private life, no doubt, the maxims which govern our detective system would be deemed highly honourable; and there is a very old proverb which tells us that honour exists amongst thieves. But ought this to hold good when the struggle is between thieves and society at large?

As an illustration of his meaning, the present writer may be allowed to relate an anecdote of what happened in a case of which he was cognisant, in Paris some years ago. An *agent de change*, who had in his custody a great number of bonds and other valuable documents belonging to his *clientèle*, was robbed of a number of share certificates stolen from the safe in his office. The value of these papers was considerable, amounting to close upon 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) As in France all scrip is payable *au porteur* (to bearer), it is much more easy to

¹ *Saturday Review*, 11th February, 1882.

dispose of this sort of property than it would be in England, where a formal transfer has to be made. In the present case, the plundered party did not want to make the affair public for two reasons. In the first place, he was convinced that the robber was his own son, who had absconded from Paris a day or two before; and in the second, the fact of his having lost the documents would, in all probability, have greatly injured his credit on the Bourse. He went to the *Préfecture de Police*, saw one of the chiefs, and a few hours later an *agent secret* was sent to his office. He related his story, saying at the same time that he suspected his son to have been the principal actor in the affair. In return, without a moment's hesitation, he was told the name of a firm in Paris whose chief business was to trade in stolen property of the kind. He was, moreover, informed a few hours later, that some days previously his son had been seen more than once in the office of this firm; and that it was more than likely the bonds were in their possession. The police agent went to the suspected office, and with money advanced him by the plundered man, transacted some stock, or share, buying and selling. He returned there again and again, each time doing some business which gave the firm a certain profit. This went on until he had gained a sort of footing with the suspected parties. He then asked them to purchase for him a few thousand francs worth of the kind of bonds that his employer had lost. This was done. The numbers on the scrip given him corresponded with those which the *agent de change* had shown him when he first commenced the inquiry. His work was then plain enough. The head of the firm was accused of having in his possession documents which had been stolen, knowing them to have been so. By making a clean breast of the matter, and by restoring all he had bought from the son of the *agent de change* (for which he had paid about a fourth of their marketable value) he

escaped with a year's imprisonment. In England the affair would have been impossible. But the question remains whether it is not better to fight rogues with their own weapons, than to allow them from motives, which are correct in themselves, to go scot free. There can be little doubt but that in the present state of the world, when so many men live by preying on others, it is very necessary to keep some sort of supervision over scoundrels, or it will often be very difficult for honest people to come by their own.

In England we are far too apt to run to extremes in all things. We either leave rules and regulations to chance, or we are over strict and particular; and this in matters where it is far better that there should be no strict rules of any kind. Such is the case very much with regard to our detective police. In the *Police Code*, which has been alluded to before in this paper, there is a section which defines the duties of detectives, but which, even if carried out to the letter, leaves us very far behind the French in the only police work that can really and truly be of use in almost all cases, in detecting crime, or in restoring property to the rightful owners. We are told in this volume—which as has been said before is a most admirable guide in nearly all matters connected with the police—that “the unravelment of crime must necessarily depend in a very great measure upon the energy, the ability, the judgment, the zeal, and the integrity of the police force;” and yet, on the following page, it is stated that “the idea that a detective, to be useful in a district, must be unknown, is erroneous in the great mass of cases, as he is then unable to distinguish between honest men who would help a known officer, and others. It is nevertheless highly undesirable for detectives to proclaim their official character to strangers by walking with police in uniform, by walking in step with each other, and in a drilled style, or by wearing very striking clothes, or

police regulation boots, or by openly recognising constables in uniform, or by saluting superior officers." ¹ Now of two things, one: either a detective ought, or ought not to be known as such. If the former, he may as well wear a blue tunic as any other dress: if the latter, the less he is like other policemen, and the less recognisable he is in every way, the more useful he is likely to be. In a word, if the *raison d'être* of detectives is the detection of crime, they ought not to be known to any one as belonging to the police. If it be otherwise—if the fact of one who is inquiring about a crime being a detective officer is known—more than three-fourths of his usefulness is gone. It is, however, only fair towards the police authorities to say that the fault of not making an alteration in the right direction is not so much theirs, as that of the public in general. There is in England such a strong, and in this case such an unreasoning feeling against anything like secrecy, or not doing everything in the light of day, that if the French detective system were introduced into this country we should no doubt have scores of petitions against it, and gushing letters and leading articles written to prove that it was in every way un-English and demoralising. The verdict of that wonderful personage, the British public would no doubt be much the same as that of a notorious English welcher, who some years ago went over to try and make some money on the French racecourses. But he very soon came back telling every one that France was not a country for an honest man to live in as the police "were down on a fellow whatever he did, and found out any game he was up to by some disgracefully secret means."

And yet there is no doubt but that something must be done, and that quickly, if we are to have anything like adequate protection of property in this land. Times change, and not

only honest men, but thieves also change with them. The robbers of the present day—or at any rate those who do business in that line on a large scale—are a hundred times better educated, and therefore more clever and cunning, than were their predecessors in the same profession. In the detection of crime we must progress in the same ratio as those whose rascalities we want to prevent. It is therefore absolutely necessary that we should give the police more power than they have, and that we should not criticise too closely the means they may take in the detection of crime. Some persons have so great a dread of the police gaining greater power than they now have, that they would rather see matters remain as at present than run the risk of Scotland Yard becoming too great a power in the land. But surely this is a mistake. In a country where the shortcomings of every public servant, from the cabinet minister to the telegraph boy, is regarded as lawful matter for public comment, there can be little fear of policemen violating with impunity the rules which the force has, with very rare exceptions, observed since it was first created.

During the parliamentary session of last year, an attempt was made by the Lord Chancellor to introduce a *Stolen Goods Bill*, which would no doubt greatly help the police in the execution of their duty when there was question of property being restored. Like a great many other useful measures, this one was crushed out before Parliament rose; but it will probably be brought forward again shortly.² The object of this Act is to give the police power to search pawn-brokers and other places where they may suspect stolen goods to be stored, upon information sworn to before a magistrate. This would no doubt be a step in the right direction. But it is quite an open question whether the

¹ *Police Code and Manual of Criminal Law*, pp. 104, 105.

² Since the above was written, the Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords.

desired end might not be arrived at with a system of detective supervision such as exists in France. No doubt it is needful to make the power of searching for stolen goods quicker and easier than is the case at present; but even under the proposed Act, before information can be sworn to, it must be obtained; and how is it to be obtained so long as the receivers know perfectly well who the individuals are who are trying to get the information?

Amongst other details worthy of praise connected with our police force, that of what is called the convict office in Scotland Yard, is particularly so. The executives of this office, consist of eight officers under a chief inspector, and it forms part of the Department of the Director of Criminal Investigations. Here are kept criminally classified albums of photographs and masks of all convicts discharged on license, and of all persons who are under police supervision. Their antecedents are further recorded in the register together with such particulars as to their conduct while on license as can be gathered in the periodical visits which are ordered. Nothing can be more orderly, more methodical, or more exact, than the manner in which all the documents of this office are kept; and the civility of those in charge leaves nothing to be desired. It has not been fairly at work for more than two years; but it has already been of the greatest assistance to the police. Moreover, those who have been the victims of any criminal offence, have now the opportunity of identifying the delinquent. Amongst the criminal classes, this office is looked upon as a great obstacle in their professional career.¹

There is one thing which ought not to be forgotten when the merits and defects of our police are under discussion. Whatever may be the faults or shortcomings of either the force collectively, or of those who form

part of it, we are sure to hear of the same. But when all goes smoothly, little or nothing is said either in praise of the system, or of those who work it. The particular department in which it is not up to the mark, has been commented on in this paper. But even in that respect, the fault is no doubt greatly owing to public opinion and national prejudice. Taken as a whole, there is amongst the heads of the police departments an honesty of purpose and a determination to improve wherever improvement is found necessary, which is not only most praiseworthy, but is a very sure guarantee that the force will not deteriorate in the future; and that it never will be aught save one of the most admirable of our best and most valued national institutions.

Since the first part of this paper was written, two double murders in Ireland have drawn public attention to the want of anything like a detective police system in that country. It would be useless to comment here upon the bold brutality of the ruffians who butchered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park last May; or the equally daring repetition of the same crime which took place near Gort on the 8th of June, when Mr. Bourke and the Dragoon who was with him were both shot dead. These deeds were a disgrace to any civilised country; and they also proved that without some secret system by which the perpetrators of such crimes can be discovered, law and order, nay, the safety of life itself, will become unknown in the land. There can be little or no doubt but that both these murders, like many others committed in the same unhappy country, were the work of some secret society; and that until a startling blow is struck at the existence of the latter, it is next to useless to legislate for the well-being of Ireland. But then comes the question, how is the working of those mysterious associations

¹ Branch offices of this kind are shortly to be established in all the large towns throughout the kingdom.

to be counteracted, unless the authorities adopt the maxim of the homœopathic doctors, and do their best to cure likes with likes? To attempt to find out by open and visible means how, where, and by whom these revolutionary societies are constituted and worked, would be worse than useless. It would not only be the throwing away of both men and means, but it would also cause the evil-doers to triumph over law and justice, inasmuch as they would be only the more on their guard than they are now. It has been officially stated that Colonel Henry Brackenbury, late British military *attaché* at Paris, has been commissioned to organise a detective police for Ireland. If such a measure is carried through properly, political and agrarian crimes of violence will, at any rate in a great measure, be stamped out. But this can never be done by the mere "plain-clothes officers" system. Even the plots and plans of English burglars rarely, if ever, have been discovered, still less counteracted, by means of so-called detectives, who are as well known to professional thieves as if they wore the uniform of their corps. How much less chance therefore must there be for detective officers on the London plan to make any way against a body of men, some of whom are, no doubt, more or less well educated, whose bond of union is secrecy, and who evidently work together under a well-organised leadership.

What Ireland wants most at the present time, and what would be the greatest possible blessing for the country, is that the perpetrators of some one or two great crimes should be discovered, brought to summary justice, and undergo supreme punishment with little or no delay. If this could be done, an effective blow would probably be struck at the evil doings of a certain class, whose object and aim it is to maintain the present state of disorder and crime in the land. Unless the disorder and crime for which the sister isle has become so

notorious is in very great measure crushed out, legislation of any kind is little better than a farce. It is easy enough to enact laws; but by no means so easy to make men obey laws which they know are opposed by a secret and almost omnipotent organisation, whose aim and object it is to thwart in every possible manner the government of the country. The one only remedy for such a state of things is the detection and punishment of crime; and the sole means by which this can be carried out is a really efficient detective police.

The question then is, how is such a force to be constituted, and of what kind of men ought it to be formed? To reply to these questions in detail would be difficult, if not impossible. There can be no doubt that the various classes of crime require different sorts of detectives to unravel them. In Ireland it is not so much thieves or burglars as a bold kind of semi-political murderers, who are the pest of society and the bane of all government. Nor, as I have said before, can there be any doubt that these assassins form an organised body, and are under excellent secret discipline. It seems almost incredible that within less than five weeks of each other,¹ two double murders should be committed in, what is after all, a part of the United Kingdom, and not a trace of the murderers be found, notwithstanding the immense reward offered for the discovery of the crimes. The evil that must arise out of such a state of things is incalculable, and ought to be met by measures of quite an exceptional kind. Mere routine and well-organised regulations are not sufficient to cope with such a state of things. The Irish detective force ought to

¹ Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered in the Phoenix Park, on Saturday, 6th May. Mr. W. M. P. Bourke, and the dragoon who accompanied him, met the same fate, near Gort, on Thursday, 8th June.

comprise in its ranks men of different classes, intelligent and zealous, but reticent and undemonstrative. Above all things, they ought not to be known as belonging in any way to the police, nor as having anything whatever to do with the Castle or the authorities. In a former number of this magazine¹ I gave a sketch of what I had seen of the working of a French detective. It would be well if the new police department in Ireland were formed somewhat after that model. In a country where murder is regarded by a certain class of men more as a patriotic duty than a foul crime, a detective officer may often have a very dangerous game to play. His life will seldom be worth a week's purchase, provided his true character is found out. For this reason he ought never to give out who he is, or what is his business, even to those who are the friends of order. Above all, he ought never, under any circumstances whatever, have to do with the execution of warrants, or the arrest of suspected persons. To use an old simile, he ought to act as the dog that points where the game is to be found,

but never as the sportsman who shoots the birds. Rome was not built in a day, and with the best of wills it must take some little time before a new force like this can become efficient. But there can hardly be a lack of characters and disguises which the detectives can assume when working out the problems given them to solve. During the coming autumn the number of English tourists in Ireland will not be so many as not to admit a few detectives amongst them. As a "loafing" American Fenian, or the special correspondent of an English, French, or American newspaper, a detective who is in earnest could generally find out, at any rate the outline, of what he may want to know. These, however, are details into which it is needless to enter. The great want of Ireland at present is a really effective detective force; and the same ought to be organised on the French rather than the English pattern, or, at any rate, as unlike the London "plain-clothes officers" as it is possible to make what will, if properly organised, be the salvation of the country.

¹ See "The French Detective Police," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1882, p. 296.

M. LAING MEASON.

A SONG FOR WOMEN.

Within a dreary narrow room
 That looks upon a noisome street,
 Half fainting with the stifling heat
 A starving girl works out her doom.
*Yet not the less in God's sweet air
 The little birds sing free of care,
 And hawthorns blossom everywhere.*

Swift ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread :
 From early dawn till twilight falls,
 Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
 The hours crawl round with murderous tread.
*And all the while, in some still place,
 Where intertwining boughs embrace,
 The blackbirds build, time flies apace.*

With envy of the folk who die
 Who may at last their leisure take,
 Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
 Tired hands the restless needle ply.
*But far and wide in meadows green
 The golden buttercups are seen,
 And reddening sorrel nods between.*

Too pure and proud to soil her soul
 Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
 By days of changeless want and pain
 The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole.
*While in the peaceful fields the sheep
 Feed, quiet ; and through heaven's blue deep
 The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.*

And if she be alive or dead
 That weary woman scarcely knows,
 But back and forth her needle goes
 In tune with throbbing heart and head.
*Lo, where the leaning alders part,
 White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
 Above still waters skim and dart.*

A Song for Women.

O God in heaven! shall I, who share
 That dying woman's womanhood,
 Taste all the summer's bounteous good
 Unburdened by her weight of care?

*The white moon-daisies star the grass,
 The lengthening shadows o'er them pass:
 The meadow pool is smooth as glass.*

A. MATHESON.

The following, from a list of the wages of women-workers, sent by the chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, to the May number of *The Women's Union Journal*, gave occasion to the above lines:—

Making Paper Bags— $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a thousand; earn from 5s. to 9s. a week.

Making Knapsacks— $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ each; average 10s. a week.

Buttonholes—(Various deponents) $\frac{1}{4}d.$ for seven, $6d.$ for twenty-four, $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ a dozen, $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ for three dozen in shirts; makes 8s. a week—15s. with help of children.

Shirts— $2d.$ each and find own cotton; can get six a day done from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Button Maker—(Girl of sixteen), 2s. for one hundred gross, lathe-work with chest.

Bookfolding— $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per gross sheets.

Sack Sewing— $6d.$ for twenty-five, $8d.$ to $1s. 6d.$ a hundred, $6d.$ a dozen, (smaller size) makes 1s. to $1s. 6d.$ a day, $7s.$ a week.

Carpet Bag Making—8s. a week.

Pill Box Making—1s. for thirty-six gross; can make 1s. $3d.$ a day.

Collar Button-Hole Making— $1d.$ a dozen; can do three or four dozen collars a day, begins at 5 A.M., ends at dark; others make 1s. $6d.$ to 2s. a gross.

Whip Making—1s. a dozen; can do a dozen a day.

Trouser Finishing—(After machine) $3d.$ to $5d.$ each; can do four a day.

Trouser Basting—(Before machine) $15d.$ a dozen.

Cork Branding—6s. a week.

Tobacco Spinner— $7s.$ a week.

Shirt Finishing— $3d.$ and $4d.$ a dozen.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BROWNING.

In one respect the position which Mr. Browning occupies with the English reading public is different from that of any other contemporary poet. Each of the other great masters of verse has a circle of fervent admirers who are intimately acquainted with all he has written; and, in addition, a large number of readers who study him more or less, who know him thoroughly or slightly, who at any rate keep a copy of his principal works in their house and look into it from time to time. Of warm admirers Mr. Browning has perhaps as many as the most popular poets of the day, but casual acquaintances, half-and-half disciples, occasional readers, he has—none. No one was ever yet found who liked his works a little; strong aversion, or still stronger admiration, are the sentiments with which they are invariably regarded. This peculiar attitude of the public towards him is typified by many outward signs. We do not see his writings displayed in the shop-windows, in the glories of vellum and gilt edges, neither does Doré illustrate them. There is no "Browning Birthday Book." Among a collection of wedding presents may be found five copies of Tennyson's *Idylls*, but not a page of Browning; no doctor or dentist lays one of his works on the waiting-room table; no railway stall reserves a corner for them.

Yet edition after edition comes out, and is sold to purchasers who value the plain brown and green volumes as they value few others on their shelves. They become the possession of men and women, who (not in noisy drawing-room discussions, but in the quiet talks where friend opens his heart to friend) speak with earnest, loving gratitude of the writer, and tell how he has raised their aims, awakened their energies, quickened their hopes, comforted them under failure, and

taught them to live down doubt; or who bear the same testimony in another way, and by work grown heartier, brows clearer, and hearts more calm, seem to say, "Thou hast instructed many; thou hast strengthened the weak hands; thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees." Truly these are the rewards coveted by a poet for "the bestowal of a life upon a labour, hard, slow and not sure." (Browning's *Essay on Shelley*.)

My wish is to note down some of the chief characteristics of Mr. Brownings writings, not for readers who are already students of his writings, but for those who, being but little acquainted with them, may have felt disposed to wonder at the enthusiasm which they unquestionably excite in those who know them best. If any of these should be induced to brace themselves up to the study of these poems, my object will have been fully attained.

But first, for honesty's sake, and also because it never helps any cause to advocate it in a one-sided manner, I will admit that the nature of Mr. Browning's poetry is not such as to attract at first sight. It takes some time to grow accustomed to his queer choice of subjects, his rugged verse, his strange metaphors, and his involved elliptical language. Why he should, as Calverley says in his clever parody, *The Cock and the Bull*, ". . . love to dock the smaller parts of speech," why he should give us infinitives without "to's," nouns without articles, phrases without prepositions, and lines where the conjunction is but ill replaced by a comma or a dash, he himself best knows. These grammatical peculiarities sorely puzzle the uninitiated, who stumble sadly over such lines as those in which Guido laments

the good old days when no silly fuss was made about a murder or two, and describes the manner in which his grandsire—

“ . . . drew rein, slipped saddle, and stabbed
knave
For daring throw gibe—much less stone—
from pale.”

True it is that the difficulty of the poems, especially that of the later ones, is greatly overrated, and that many of those who talk loudest of it, confess, after a little gentle pressure, that their judgment is based on a dimly-remembered perusal of Calverley's parody, or a belief that they “have *Mrs. Browning's Selections* somewhere at home.” “Where you are ignorant, at least be reverent,” said James Hinton, a maxim which this class of critics would do well to remember. Still, deducting the outcry made by these persons, and many more who are only a shade less incompetent, there remains a standing, and I think justifiable, complaint against him of great and unnecessary obscurity.

He himself, as is natural, repudiates the charge, and in *Pacchiarotto* tells us it cannot be otherwise when you want to put a “big and bouncing thought” into “one small line.” But, to begin with, many of his dark passages are not obscured by any particularly gigantic thought; and next, if a “big bouncing thought” in one line is incomprehensible, how gladly would we see it overflow into a second. All sorts of reasons for his unintelligibility are given by his admirers: he “neglects the form” for the substance; he “writes too hurriedly”; he “only cares to be understood by those who do not grudge the effort.” All these excuses may be true to a certain extent, but it often strikes me that there is a further cause as well. I believe that, with all his genius, Mr. Browning has one decided want in his mind, and that he is deficient in the faculty of gauging the apprehensive power of the ordinary intellect; that he does not puzzle us wilfully, but he has never learnt, and

has no idea, what people can and cannot be expected to understand. I know that I am saying in other words: he has never discovered how very stupid we are. Be it so. He himself tells us, in the *Essay on Shelley*, that the poet should be so acquainted and in sympathy with the narrow comprehension of the “average mind” “as to be careful to supply it with no other materials than it can combine into an intelligible whole.” Why then has he not measured our stupidity and respected it?

Let me give an instance of the altogether unreasonable things which he expects us to understand.

In the preface to *A Soul's Tragedy*, he explains that by the title of *Bells and Pomegranates* he had meant to convey “an endeavour towards something like an alternation or mixture of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought.” Students of rabbinical or patristic lore would, he says, know that such is the common acceptance of the term, but he goes on very naively to observe: “I confess that, letting authority alone, I supposed the bare words in such juxtaposition would sufficiently convey the desired meaning.”

Does this passage not give an alarming impression of Mr. Browning's estimate of the average human mind? It is very flattering that he should have so exalted an opinion of us; but I, for one, would gladly undergo the humiliation of having him undeceived, if possible.

As it is, however, unlikely that he will make any fresh discoveries on this head, or will do anything to suit his style to our limited intelligences, let us do the only thing that remains, if we wish to know him—train our intelligences to his style, a task well worth the arduous struggle which it costs. In the vast majority of cases indeed a short course of persevering study brings with it an honest liking for the straightforward, hard-hitting, rough-and-ready phraseology; but even where this does not happen, the matter of the poems is such as to

make the reader very tolerant of any blemishes he may find in their form.

And among Mr. Browning's merits, that which I should single out as the one which primarily draws people towards him is his strong hopeful philosophy of life. It has been said of him that "he brings out of his individuality something which he does not receive from the age, and which he offers it as a gift." This "something" I hold to be the constructiveness of his teaching as opposed to the destructiveness of the school of thought which has prevailed for so many years. He is the embodiment of Goethe's theory that the best literary work is marred by "perpetual negation and fault-finding;" not only, he remarks, "does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of opposition is negation, and negation is nothing. . . . The great point is not to pull down, but to build up: in this humanity finds pure joy." (Eckermann, vol. i. p. 208.)

In the *Essay on Shelley*, Mr. Browning, echoing this sentiment, says: "The best way of removing abuses is to stand fast by truth. Truth is one, as they are manifold, and innumerable negative effects are produced by the upholding of one positive principle." Such being his point of view, he emphasises our hopes rather than our fears, our certainties rather than our doubts, our ultimate triumph rather than our present failures: in a word, he is not a condoling poet, but the very reverse. We gather from *The Two Poets of Croisic* that he considers light-heartedness, and a turn for making the best of things, as a proof of intellectual strength. He there tells us that in estimating the relative merits of two eminent bards, we may decide the question by asking—"Which one led a happy life?"

"If one did—over his antagonist
That yelled or shrieked, or sobbed or wept
or wailed,
Or simply had the dumps—dispute who
list—
I count him victor."

And in *At the Mermaid* he uses language more emphatic than polite to

the critics who tell him he will never enter the human heart without appealing to the *Welt-schmerz* common among men. No doubt a reader may be in such a frame of mind that this characteristic of Mr. Browning's poetry shall repel rather than attract him. For a space in most men's lives the negative aspect of things suits them best; they like to be told that effort is vain, and love is hollow; that there is no light on earth, and a doubtful God in heaven; but with most healthy minds this state of things passes off early—

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,"

they say, and they refuse to spend the rest of their lives shackled and enfeebled by this gloomy philosophy. Then it is that Browning's positive teaching comes like a voice from above to strengthen and cheer.

And if we ask what is the basis of his invigorating tenets, the reply is, the intense realisation of a loving God, and a future life, given him by his "poet's faculty of seeing more clearly, widely, and deeply" than the common eye." (*Essay on Shelley*.) We too behold these things in our rarer moments, but with us—

. . . . "there's provision
Of the devil's to quench knowledge; lest
we walk the earth in rapture"
(*Christina*.)

and we soon fall back to mere belief. But what we only believe, he sees; and in his verse recalls and makes permanent our own momentary gleams.

What a triumphant outburst is the following well-known passage from *Abt Vogler*, and how finely it expresses man's inward convictions—

"There shall never be one lost good! What
was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought; is silence im-
plying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with for
evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven
a perfect round.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of
good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,
nor good, nor power

"Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour!"

The key-note of this passage is a vivid faith in a loving God, who gathers up the broken threads of his creature's aspirations and strivings and longings, to restore them one day perfected and completed; a God who looks not to results, but to effort—

"All I could never be
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped."

(*Rabbi ben Ezra.*)

This intense faith would in itself afford ample consolation under the sting of failure, and the pressure of disappointment; but Mr. Browning finds a second source of comfort in his strongly realised conception of eternity. To him failure is not irretrievable non-success. This life is not the only period for work, progress, and development. Heaven is not the reward of the faithful soul, severed from all connection with its previous state of existence. All good work begun here will go on there without let or hindrance; and therefore man should map out his life not with reference to what he can complete here, but with reference to the endless centuries of futurity. "Aim high," he seems to say, "try not for one hundred but for a whole million; the entire quality of your work will be better than if you adopt a lower standard, and though you will not fully attain here, what does it matter?" or in the words of the "grammarian"—

"Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes!
Live now or never!
He said, 'What's Time? Leave *Now* for
dogs and apes!
Man has *For ever*.'"

These are however but parts of Mr. Browning's views concerning failure, and its attendant compensations; he goes further—

"And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-stone."

(*The Pope.*)

Failure and imperfection are not only no blot on man in God's sight; not only are they but temporary and retrievable, they are the very signs of man's supremacy in creation. God being all powerful, and perfect, failure cannot be thought of in connexion with Him; the beasts being perfect in a limited sphere, and incapable of rising to a higher one, neither strive nor fail—but man, who knows

"... but a man's joy,
While he sees God's,"

(*Cleon.*)

occupies a midway position between the two; he alone is capable of progress, and hence liable to failure. Therefore it is his glory, not his shame, that falling yet rising again, faint yet pursuing, hindered yet overcoming, he ever struggles forward, saying—

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!"

"For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not
sink i' the scale."

(*Rabbi ben Ezra.*)

Such are Mr. Browning's vigorous utterances upon the most universal and depressing of the sorrows of humanity. Let us see what he has to tell us about another of the shadows which fall across the path of man's earthly pilgrimage—temptation. True to the theory that all things work together for good, and that evil is but the grit that polishes the stone, he says:—

"Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his
foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray,
'Lead us into no such temptations, Lord,'
Yea, but, O Thou, whose servants are the
bold,

Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle, and have praise."
(*The Pope.*)

A burning zeal for the defeat of evil, the full assurance that those exist who can vindicate the supremacy of good, the earnest longing that the question should be tried to the uttermost, and withal the consciousness of weakness that should make each man, unless visibly the chosen of God, shrink from courting the struggle for himself; all these things are here set forth in a passage of great power and beauty.

I should like to go on and show how Mr. Browning defies the various other calamities which have so often caused the spirit of man to faint within him. I should like to quote the whole of *Prospice*—that strangest of productions which must surely have filled hundreds with the desire to know more of the poet who could write and mean it; but as space is limited, I will only give one more extract in illustration of this branch of the subject. This passage is from the *Flight of the Duchess*, and deals with old age as a part of man's life that may indeed be to him a "stumbling-block" or a "stepping-stone." All our common forms of speech, all our little evasions and pretences in talking of the lapse of years, are evidence of the usual habit of thought on the subject. Listen now to Mr. Browning—

"So at the last shall come old age,
Decrepit as befits that stage,
How else wouldst thou retire apart
With the hoarded memories of thy heart,
And gather all to the very least
Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,
Let fall through eagerness to find
The crowning dainties yet behind?
Ponder on the entire past
Laid together thus at last,
When the twilight helps to fuse
The first fresh with the faded hues,
And the outline of the whole,
As round eve's shades their framework roll,
Grandly fronts for once thy soul.
And then, as 'mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And, like the hand which ends a dream,
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes,
Then ———"

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Often as I have read this magnificent passage, I never come to the close without an expectation that the unseen world is about to be revealed, and a chill of disappointment when it ends without telling the untellable. Happy the aged who can realise it in fact!

Contrast with this passage some verses by another living poet who tells us what old age is—

"It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

"It is to suffer this,
And feel but half and feebly what we feel;
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

"It is—last stage of all,
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man."
(M. ARNOLD.)

If this is old age well may we say, with those of yore, "Whom the gods love die young." Let us get rid of all the sanitary inspectors, and welcome every kindly illness which will rescue us from ourselves!

But to return to our poet. His strong faith in the ultimate triumph of good might have made a smaller man unsympathetic with the transitory sufferings of the world, but not so Mr. Browning. He knows that in spite of the glories of the future, sorrow and sin and pain are awful realities, and his heart goes out in tender sympathy with the keen soul-piercing miseries with which life abounds. How else should he have given us the touching picture of Pompilia's wrongs, the pathetic mixture of disappointment and trust shown by Festus at the sight of his friend's degradation, the regretful longings of Andrea del Sarto for the higher aims which through weakness of will he had never attained? When he surveys life in the abstract he sees so clearly the good and beauty which now animate it in part, and will finally

prevail, that he is never inspired with the wail of despair which its contemplation seems almost exclusively to awaken in other poets; and being an honest man he never simulates it, but voluntarily sets himself the difficult task of making cheerfulness interesting, and foregoes the easy source of popularity which lies in appealing to people through their weaker, not their stronger side. Nevertheless, when he descends from the general to the particular, he shares the joys and sorrows of his creations with an intensity which none of the tearful school have ever surpassed; and with an inexhaustible and unwearying sympathy which has its origin in his deep-rooted, wide-spreading love towards humanity. The meanest created beings are for Mr. Browning objects full of interest and hidden capacity; he loves them one and all. The prominence which he gives to love is a beautiful part of his philosophy. He places it above knowledge, above power; or rather he knows it to be the truest knowledge, the highest power. Where all else fails, love will draw the wicked from his sin, the foolish from his folly; love is the hand that leads men, the key that unlocks their hearts; it is the breath of life that awakens their best aspirations, the sunshine that draws them up into being; it is the inspiration that gives wisdom to the simple and vigour to the weak.

The power of love is an idea which pervades all his writings, and is especially illustrated in *Paracelsus*, which depicts the inner life of a man who with every earthly gift, sank and failed, because he made no account of love in his dealings with mankind. I open it at random. This is the first passage that meets my eyes—

"I learned my own deep error, love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's
estate,
And what proportion love should hold with
power
In his right constitution, love preceding
Power, and with much power always much
more love."

(P. 194.)

Paracelsus confesses that he saw no good in man,

" . . . and why ?

In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success, to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirations, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears, and cares and doubts,
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him,
All this I knew not, and I failed."

(P. 195.)

It is this love of mankind, even in its meanest and most degraded forms, that accounts for the almost entire absence of bitterness and cynicism in Mr. Browning's works. Blame and rebuke he can, and that in no measured terms; but sneer he cannot. Sin and suffering are serious things to him, and he is lovingly tender to weakness. He knows nothing of the craving for telling paradoxes, and stinging hits, which besets the inferior writers who make pertness and smartness supply their want of finer qualities. Humour he possesses in no small degree, but he employs it on legitimate subjects. Ruined lives are grievous to him, sore hearts are sacred, pettiness and vanity are deplorable; he has no wish to transfix them on pins' points, and hold them up to the world's ridicule.

"No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn"

says one who has himself been a worthy follower of "Arthur's noblest" in this respect, and now as ever—

"Mockery is the fume of little minds."

It is also in great part the love of humanity and the absence of the mocking spirit which have enabled Mr. Browning to attain to his unparalleled excellence in the delineation of human character in its higher forms. He himself tells us that what interests him most are "the incidents in the development of a soul. Little else," he says, "is worth study."

Now I suppose even a poet's insight into character needs perfecting by a close study of human nature; and what part of their truest selves do men or women disclose to one who seeks for the base or the ridiculous in mankind in order to make sport of it with keen shrewdness? The works of such men furnish the best answer. Look at Pope, Byron, even Molière; they have struck off with painful accuracy the meannesses of their fellows; they have jeered at their delusions, and made merry over their shams; but have they ever depicted a truly noble, heroic, or beautiful character; have they ever succeeded in creating anything better than a parody of what is great and good?

Men are keenly sensitive to ridicule; to the railer and the cynic they will not show themselves; their foibles they cannot hide, but their virtues they can and do conceal. The mocker knows them at their worst; he seldom believes in man, because man successfully endeavours to hide from him all that could justify belief. "He who would work aright must never rail," says Goethe, and certainly Browning has this preliminary essential for right work.

What wonderful men and women he introduces us to, and how they enlarge our acquaintance with our fellow-creatures!

The very point in which his genius differs from that of more truly dramatic writers, the subordination of action to psychological analysis, makes the characters stand out all the more clearly and distinctly before us, not as men whose dispositions prompt them to *do* this or that, but as men whose dispositions are to *be* this or that. How intensely individualised are the actors in the *Ring and the Book*, and how deep is the sympathetic insight with which they are drawn! Even the wicked count, while showing his moral baseness in every line, contrives to make us admire his silent endurance of a poverty which distressed him less as a source of personal privation, than as a cause of

degradation to a noble house, and to make us pity him as the victim of an unscrupulous trick.

Still more absorbing than Guido's two narratives is the monologue of the fine old Pope, who, with "winter in his soul" has sifted the whole mass of confused evidence, and hands the prisoner over to his doom, calm in the confidence that he has not been slack in using the "judging faculty which God gave," and that should he unfortunately have judged amiss, God would call ignorance his error, not his sin, so that in that other world to which his eighty-six years are hurrying him, he would—

"... face Guido's ghost, nor blench a jot."

Equal in interest is the moving deposition of Pompilia, the tender, all-forgiving dying wife; and grand above all the narrative of Capponsacchi before his judges. I know nowhere a more thrilling piece of emotional writing than his description of the fatal flight from Arezzo. We follow the travellers with a painfully strained interest throughout the journey. We watch the priest tasking himself to justify Pompilia's confidence; we admire his reverent care of his companion; and his withholding, by an almost superhuman struggle, all expression of his overwhelming love; we mark his pathetic joy when, having consulted him on a question of right and wrong, she added that she wanted his advice because he was her "friend," not as he had dreaded she was about to say, because he was "a priest"; we love him for his delicate tact when Pompilia, wearied out, and all but broken down, cried, "Take me no further, I should die," and he ventured not to comfort her himself but sent a peasant woman to her, who put her infant in her arms, and made her smile and say—

"... how much good this has done!

This is a whole night's rest, and how much more!"

We never can help hoping, on each fresh reading, that, somehow, the fugitives will reach Rome and be saved;

we never are quite prepared for the horrible frustration of the scheme, when, but a single stage from their journey's end, the villainous husband overtakes them, and all is lost!

In speaking of Mr. Browning as a dramatist, or rather as what Mr. Hutton calls a "great intellectual interpreter of the approaches to action," it is natural to turn first of all to his principal work, from which we have just been quoting. But, scattered throughout his writings are studies, or more correctly manifestations of character, that, with the exception of *Capponsacchi* (which seems to me to be his most perfect specimen of poetic art, because in it he has for once allowed the emotional element to overbalance the intellectual), are by no means inferior to anything in *The Ring and the Book*.

The marvellous versatility of the poet sets him on a pinnacle as compared with the men of two or three types who compose the subordinate grades of our versifiers. As the paleontologist, from one small bone, reconstructs all quadrupeds from the mammoth to the rat, so Mr. Browning, from some single hint or trait of character, develops the whole of the inner man. He sees that all humanity has certain elements in common, and that it is from the various proportions in which these elements mingle that the variety of human nature results. He never portrays demons; he never gives us angels, but men and women, good or bad according as they have allowed the demoniac or angelic elements which meet in all mankind, to get the upper hand. Given a mind where a quick penetration and perception of the right is overbalanced by self-interest, and he constructs a Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau; given an animal nature revelling on the thought of unlimited and untempered power, and he constructs a Caliban; given a soul full of abhorrence for the base and mean, yet unsoftened by pity, and he constructs an Ivan Ivanovitch, and so on throughout all grades and kinds of men. He has represented

painters, musicians, poets, soldiers, Church dignitaries, peasants, women of high degree, women of lowly birth, contemporaries, men of the long-flown past; Englishmen, Italians, Frenchmen, and Germans; citizens of the East and of the West. Sometimes he fills the greater part of a volume in noting down the minutest features of an individual, sometimes he hits off a whole type in a single line, as in that intensely dramatic touch at the end of *A Death in the Desert*, where, in Pamphylax's casual remark—

"So, lest the memory of this go quite,
Seeing that I to-morrow fight the beasts,
I tell the same to Phœbus, whom believe,"

we have not only the reason of the speaker's anxiety to record the testimony of the last eye-witness to the earthly life of Jesus, but a vivid picture of the early Christians; their self-forgetfulness, their disregard of life, their calm and steadfast faith, their noble devotion to their cause, and their hourly peril from cruel and crafty foes.

Probably no other poet, who is not wholly dramatic, has written so exclusively of animate as apart from inanimate nature. There are here and there grand descriptions of some aspect of the sky or earth, there are occasional touches which show that he is not insensible to the transmutation of "Jura's black to one gold glow," to the stretch of the "warm sea-scented beach," or the "pink perfection of the cyclamen," but inanimate nature is interesting to him only as the sphere of being in which his human creations move. In him we see at its height the reaction from the over-exaltation of nature as compared with man, which had been the characteristic of an opposite poetic school, whose exaggerated style he thus laughs at in Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau—

"O littleness of man!" deplores the bard;
And then, for fear the Powers should punish
him,
'O grandeur of the visible universe
Our human littleness contrasts withal;
O sun, O moon, ye mountains, and thou
sea,

Thou emblem of immensity, thou this
That and the other,—what impertinence
In man to eat and drink and walk about
And have his little notions of his own,
The while some wave sheds foam upon the
shore."

"First of all," he observes, "'tis a lie some three times thick," and then he proceeds to make good this statement. Certainly this is an error into which Mr. Browning has no tendency to fall. He would laugh at Wordsworth's statement that it would be preferable to be a "Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn," than to be a man whom the "worldliness of to-day" had rendered insensitive to the "sea that bares her bosom to the moon" and the

"Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;"

and it is true that in the poetry of nature such overstrained sentiments frequently occur. Yet, were it not ungrateful to want more where we have so much, I could wish that the energetic bustle of Mr. Browning's poems were sometimes varied by a more tranquil strain, that now and again he could sit like Wordsworth a silent meditative recipient of lessons whispered to his soul by the flower, the brook, the forest, or the breeze, and tell us what they teach him.

But to empty his mind of thoughts and feelings, and allow it passively to refill with promptings from nature, is a thing that never befalls him. The sun may shine over the hill and prepare to journey upwards along its "path of gold," but the dawn of a new day suggests, not the wish to wait and watch its beams spreading across the sky, but, as he tells us in *Night and Morning*—

"... the need of a world of men for me."

Yes! the world of men is his true element, and his method of describing its inhabitants is as un-Wordsworthian as his method of dealing with nature. He paints them not with tender loving sympathy from *without*; but he first makes himself one with them, and then causes them to reveal themselves

with spontaneous, unconscious self-betrayal; he thinks with their brains, feels with their hearts, and speaks with their lips; so that the pronoun "I" recurs for ever in the pages of this the least egotistical of the poets.

How thankful we should be to him if he would become a little more egotistical, and at last return to his own individuality and tell us what he himself thinks of the great subjects of which he treats. Any one who had not read the first half of the *Pacchiarotto* volume would naturally suppose that we could easily piece together his opinions from his works, but in that book, which, rightly or wrongly, is generally said to contain under various parables a statement of his own relations to the world around him, he explicitly denies our right to do so, and maintains that his works do not furnish even the most elementary disclosures of himself and his beliefs.

"Here's my work: does work discover
What was rest from work—my life?
Did I live man's hater, lover?
Leave the world at peace or strife?
Call earth ugliness or beauty?
See things here in large or small?
Use to pay its Lord my duty?
Use to own a lord at all?
Blank of such a record, truly,
Here's the work I hand, this scroll,
Yours to take or leave; as duly
Mine remains the unproffered soul."

This is not a little puzzling. One would have said that those were just the sort of things that spoke from every page of his writing. Are we not to believe that he holds the views which he has spent fifty years in advocating? Are we to conclude that all his finest passages on man, and man's destiny, duties, and privileges are nothing more than expressions of a "high and pure mood of the creative mind dramatically simulated"? Surely not! I can but think that a great part of the *Pacchiarotto* volume was written in a mood of pardonable irritation brought on by the peeping and prying of

unmannerly critics. In his wish to give them a repulse, he has overshot the mark, and has administered a series of snubs, not only to those who unjustifiably wish to intrude on the secrets of his heart, but to the friends, who only wish to think they can see the man through his works, and attribute to him certain opinions on great and important subjects concerning which other writers do not think it necessary to maintain this close reserve. Those who wish to know him he bids "dive by the spirit sense," which is already a contradiction to the assertion that he is inscrutably hidden behind his works, for if they are indeed "blank of any record," whither could the deepest dive of the keenest spirit-sense lead us?

Let us, then, do our best to obey him, and let us as a result hold fast to the faith that, like many other disguises literal and metaphorical, his is not as impenetrable as he fancies. Let us trust him, against himself, as he trusted Shelley, and continue to believe that he is "the splendid spirit of his own best poetry," and let us look out for the "great moral purpose" which he says has usually "mainly inspired any conspicuous achievement" "even where it does not visibly look out of the same." We will not be put down by the unkind little hits of the *Pacchiarotto* volume, but will say his works are not "blank" of such records as he enumerates; that we know quite well that he is "man's lover" not his hater; that he makes it his business to promote peace, not "stir up strife" in the world; that he has a singular power of seeing beauty in the ugliest things of the earth; that nothing that is part of a great whole is "small" to him; that he *does* own a "Lord of all," and doubtless strives to pay that Lord "his duty."

If we were forced to look upon his

utterances respecting God's dealings with man, and man's relation to God, to his fellow, to his aspirations, to his work as nothing but "dramatic simulations," then evidently we must regard him as a great thinker and dramatist, but no longer as a teacher, for surely no man can be called a teacher who does not intentionally try to impart views that are his own. And we cannot afford to give him up as a teacher in these days when signs are not wanting that England is ripe for another kind of intellectual guidance than that which she has welcomed for many a long year. Madame de Staël says of men of genius that they are "*toujours contemporains des siècles futurs par leurs pensées*," and this fact combined with the truth contained in Mr. Browning's own line in *The Death in the Desert*, that "none can learn except the already taught," explains the small appreciation with which his works were received whilst the morbid, unsatisfied, introspective, denying spirit was at its height, which enfeebled the middle decades of the century. But now at last signs are not wanting that "despondency corrected" is to be the motto of the future. Nations like individuals have their phases, and there is good cause to hope that our recent tendencies to mourn over all we have not got, is yielding to the healthier tendency to rejoice over what we have and use it to the uttermost. We are now to a certain extent "already taught," and are therefore prepared for more teaching.

The best wish we can offer to the remaining years of the nineteenth century is that future historians may be able to say of it that whereas Clough and Matthew Arnold embodied the philosophical and religious thought of its central period, Robert Browning became the representative man of its close.

MARY A. LEWIS.

FORTUNE'S FOOL

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONE OF THE LEAST EFFECTIVE METHODS OF PERSUASION IS RATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.—ONE OF THE BEST WAYS OF BECOMING YOURSELF IS, SOMETIMES, TO BECOME SOMEBODY ELSE.

APRIL is not invariably the pleasantest month of the London year: in character it is inclined to be retrospective; it evinces a shrewd recollection of March and February, but is reluctant to commit itself to any promises regarding May and June. Nevertheless, there are moments in which it unbends, and, like some persons of a uniformly unconciliating demeanour, wins immense credit by a touch of merely ordinary affability. It is during one of these fortunate intermissions that I must request the reader to cross the threshold of the Vivians' London residence, and ascend the stairs to the drawing-room, where is to be seen a unique and attractive mantelpiece ornament. A breadth of pallidly agreeable London sunshine falls through the southern window of the room, investigates the flowery pattern of a Brussels carpet, and smiles upon the legs and cushion of a comfortable easy chair, in which is seated a fair-haired and full-chested woman, clad in a black dress trimmed with crape. She sits with her head thrown back, showing a pleasant and spirited profile of straight forehead, aquiline nose, and well-made mouth and chin. Her hands rest on the arms of the chair, upon the ends of which her fingers beat occasionally a restless tattoo; her eyes are directed, not upon the mantelpiece ornament, but upon the carved cornice of the room; but she alters her position slightly as from time to time she

speaks—which she does in short sentences, rapidly pronounced.

The mantelpiece is a low and broad structure of black marble, with a French plate-glass mirror, in three compartments, with bevelled edges, resting upon it. It is low enough to admit of a person standing on the hearthrug leaning his arms upon it easily. The person now occupying this position (and the person is, in fact, the mantelpiece ornament above referred to) is not, however, a man. The glass behind reflects the nape of a long neck of dusky whiteness, with a soft shadow of hair growing low down upon it; above, is a black coil of broad braids, bound upon a stately and well-proportioned head. You may see, likewise, the smooth outline of an evenly-curved cheek, and, depending from the lower tip of a delicate ear, a large hoop of reddish gold. The person, therefore, is evidently a woman; and you would be apt to surmise that she is also a handsome woman, in the first bloom of youth.

But here, instead of any longer confining your researches to the chary revelations of the looking-glass, you will probably prefer to avail yourself of your undoubted privilege to view this interesting object as she actually appears. You see a girl under twenty years of age, though the ease and dignity of her carriage, and the expression of her face, at once grave and vivid, make her seem older. It is a face capable, upon occasion, of singular and subtle mobility. Without any apparent muscular contortion, its owner could make it reflect a complete series of emotions, from the mirth of comedy to the terror or madness of tragedy. Her figure was the fitting instrument to carry out the requirements of such a countenance. It was

somewhat tall and slender, but completely developed, and in its motions and poses gave evidence of thorough physical training. Sometimes this lithe figure seemed to dilate and tower; and then the voice, seldom hurried and never indistinct, came in deep tones, more feminine than any shrillness, and more impressive than vociferousness; and one could not choose but listen. Altogether, here was a young lady likely, from every outward indication, to make a figure in the social world, unless the divinity which shapes our ends were more than usually disregarding of her rough-hewing.

She was dressed in a morning costume of soft white cashmere, lined and trimmed with crimson silk. It fitted tightly over the shoulders and upper part of the figure, but the sleeves were very wide below the elbow, and down the front of the dress was inserted a broad strip of puckered silk. Besides her earrings she wore no ornament but a delicate gold chain, to which was suspended some object hidden in her bosom. Her slippers were of crimson satin; and as she stood, one of them was crossed over the other, while her arms were extended along the mantelpiece, against which her shoulders rested. A comfortable fire glowed in the grate beneath; a silent commentary upon the inefficiency of the April sunshine.

"Well, I mean to go," declared this personage, speaking in a measured tone, after there had been a short pause in the conversation. "I see no necessity for a chaperone."

"I'd go in a minute, my dear, if it wasn't a masked ball; but that would be a little too absurd even for me, wouldn't it?" said the older lady. "And if it weren't a masked ball, I shouldn't a bit mind your going without a chaperone—at least, not so much. That's the way I feel about it."

"Nobody was ever any better for having a chaperone."

"Well, society is. It's what people

think, we have to look out for. If you do anything unorthodox, people think something's wrong; and that hurts them, if it doesn't hurt you."

"It is not my business to take care of them."

"Yes it is, if you live with them, and go to their parties. And all the more because you are somebody. If you were Jane Smith, you might do what you liked, and nobody'd mind; but since you're Miss Madeleine Vivian, and heiress to a big fortune, you have to look out."

Miss Vivian drooped her black eyelashes, and drew up one hand to fillip her earring. "Its being a masked ball makes it more easy for you to go, instead of less," she said, shifting the ground of the argument. "Nobody will know who you are."

"Oh, my dear child, we don't keep our masks on. As soon as the people are all there, and supper's ready, we take our masks off."

"We are not obliged to take them off. And we need not stay to supper."

"Well, but at any rate it would be known I was there. Invitations are issued, you know; and if Mrs. Kate Roland accepts, how will it mend matters whether she's seen or not?"

"You could refuse, and then go."

"They wouldn't let me in."

"I would give my name to the doorkeeper, and say you were my friend, and wished to remain unknown. There would be no difficulty about that. Aha! Mistress Kate, I have thee on the hips!" Miss Vivian extended her arm towards her friend, threw up her head, and smiled splendidly.

"You are a very cunning, underhand, intriguing person," said Kate, folding her arms and laughing. "I don't love you a bit! But now see here; it must be all clear and above-board between us two, you know, however much we may deceive other people. I want you to tell me what makes you so set upon going to this particular ball?"

"Because it's a masked ball," replied Madeleine, coming with a sauntering step across the space that intervened between her and Kate Roland. Then she seated herself upon the side of the latter's chair, put an arm round her neck, and kissed her cheek.

"And in what do you suppose a masked ball is better than any other kind of ball?" demanded Kate, when these endearments had continued a few moments.

"There is the same difference that there is between a ruby and—Whoever heard so absurd a question?" said Madeleine, raising her head and turning it scornfully.

"You are showing your ignorance, my dear. In an ordinary ball you wear what you're accustomed to, and feel comfortable and respectable; and in a masked ball you wear some outlandish thing that makes you feel like a guy, and a horrid hot mask that gives you a headache."

"No!" exclaimed Madeleine, starting up. "Everything most delightful and romantic in life is a masquerade! You can throw aside yourself—you can become what you want to be! I never can be myself—I am ten times myself—as soon as I am not myself! All the world shows like a splendid story; you can do and say the poetry and romance that you have no heart even to think about at ordinary times. And if anything worth living for is to happen to you it would happen then. You would meet some one you loved; or some beautiful dream would come true. I should like to be at a masquerade that went on for ever!"

"Ah, well, there might be some sense in that," remarked Kate, conscientiously retaining her matter-of-fact attitude. "It's when you're driving home that you always begin to feel like a fool. As for meeting some one you loved, I don't know whom you'd be likely to meet, unless it were Stanhope Maurice."

Madeleine let her arms drop listlessly to her sides.

"If I met him there even a masquerade would seem commonplace," she said.

"I don't know what you call commonplace. You won't find a better man anywhere. And he loves you as hard as he can. And I believe he's lost a lot of money over those wretched mines."

There was a touch of genius in this latter argument.

"I am sorry if he is losing money," said Madeleine. "I would give him all he has lost if it would cure him of thinking he loved me. Perhaps I couldn't find a better man. But I don't want a better man—I don't want a good man at all! You always know what a good man will do and say. A man might as well not be at all if you can say that of him."

Madeleine was not naturally of a law-abiding temperament; or, if she recognised laws of her own, they were not at all points in harmony with the code in vogue among the orthodox. Bryan Sinclair, therefore, was a more likely person than Maurice. He must be classed among those who, justifiably or not, are at war with society. The profession of outlawry has always lent itself readily to romantic treatment; by suppressing a number of coarse and ignoble details, and dwelling upon the heroic and adventurous side of the character, a fine picturesque effect may be produced. Bryan could not be termed handsome, but this, instead of being an obstacle to Madeleine's regard for him, was rather in his favour. Either she was handsome enough for two, or else beauty did not form an essential part of the masculine ideal. But Kate did not believe that he cared about Madeleine in a way that would warrant his binding her to himself for life: while it was intrusively apparent, on the other hand, that Sir Stanhope loved the girl without stint. Of late, however, his reverses in his mining speculations had assumed proportions so serious that his pride had taken the alarm, and, from a morbid fear lest his

motives should be misconstrued, he had ceased to urge his suit upon the presumptive heiress. Kate was ready to demonstrate to him that he might find a shorter road to her sympathies by a judicious use of this disqualification than by most other methods; but Sir Stanhope would lend countenance to no such argument. His wooing must succeed upon fair terms or not at all.

Such being the situation, Kate was not at a loss to divine who Madeleine was thinking of when she spoke of meeting "some one you loved" at a masquerade. It did not, of course, enter into Kate's mind to conceive that the some one in question might possibly be present at that entertainment; no news had been received from Sinclair since he went away, and there was no present probability of his return. But she was reminded afresh that Madeleine's sentiment towards him was unchanged, and the manner of the young lady's reference to his character as being all the more lovable because not conventionally virtuous, cost her a foreboding sigh.

"I hope you will have a happy life, my dear," she said at length.

"There will be black and white in it, but I hope no grey," Madeleine returned.

She was in the habit of making such remarks, and they could be taken to signify little more than that she was impatient of a humdrum existence, and longed to be violently absorbed in something. Of Madeleine it might be said, that, as she herself would phrase it, she could only be fully herself when she imagined herself to be some one else. In all her most powerfully-coloured forecasts of life she saw herself enacting the part, not of simple Madeleine Vivian, with her uneventful history and prosaic limitations, but of some untrammelled and dramatic heroine, within whose imagined nature she fancied she could attain wider and more trenchant action. Of course this is only another way of saying that it was her instinct to let the action

colour and mould the actress; as, to a certain degree, it does with every one. But with Madeleine the modification would be not unconscious and involuntary, but deliberate and adjusted, insomuch that when she had conceived of a given set of circumstances in which she should play a part, she would fix upon the figure in her *répertoire* that would best fulfil the exigencies of the occasion; and would say to herself, "Here I will be Juliet, or Rosaline, or Cordelia; here I will be Lady Macbeth or Desdemona; here I will be Cleopatra"—her *rôles* being nearly all of the Shakespearian category. This trait, while showing an aspiration for a range of existence wider and more many-sided than falls to the ordinary human lot, betrayed at the same time a comparative lack of that idiosyncrasy which prompts a person to cling to his private selfhood as to the most precious and necessary of his possessions. Madeleine, however, never absolutely forsook her identity. But her identity was elastic and versatile, instead of being narrow and rigid; and, like a plant, it arrived at a complete conception of itself only when it had blossomed forth from its potential or seed-like condition, and thrown abroad the branches and blossoms to its utmost experimental development. In a word, she was, by temper and intuition, that strangest of beings, a great actress. Whether she would ever be able to give this spiritual tendency its concrete and nominal realization was a secret which the future held in reserve. Certain is it, meanwhile, that if the opportunity came it would not find her unprepared; and on her side, she was more than disposed to help on the opportunity.

The conversation between the two friends came to an end, as such conversations generally do, without reaching a definite conclusion. It is seldom possible to any one to speak of really vital things, unless in moments of exceptional exaltation of feeling, or vividness of circumstance. At the same time, friends whose rela-

tion to one another is close and sympathetic, often interpret a silence as easily and accurately as a spoken word. There are many methods of communion between human beings, of which speech is by no means either the commonest or the most explicit.

After the silence had lasted a little while, a servant entered the room, and said that Mr. Bryan Sinclair was down stairs, and wished to know whether the ladies were disengaged.

"Mr. Sinclair may come up," said Madeleine, in an indifferent tone.

But when the servant had gone out again, her eyes met Kate's. Kate perceived in her expression what seemed to be the sudden and strong up-gush of a new great fountain of life. It parted her lips, arched her brows, and heaved her bosom.

"How strange, just as we were speaking of him," Madeleine said.

To this Kate could not restrain herself from answering—

"My dear, we've neither of us said a word about him."

Madeleine blushed; and while she was doing so, Mr. Sinclair came in.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROVIDENCE OFTEN ILLUSTRATES THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN BY PLACING WISE PEOPLE IN THE CATEGORY OF FOOLS. JACK HAS OFFERS OF EMPLOYMENT FROM TWO MASTERS.

SINCLAIR shook hands with the two ladies in his usual hearty and bluff fashion.

"How jolly to find you together," he said. "You're looking capital, Mrs. Roland. City life seems to agree with both of you. How about Lady Maurice and Stanhope?"

"They have sold the Devonshire Place," replied Kate, after waiting a moment to see whether Madeleine was going to speak. "Stanhope seems to have made a muddle of those mines of yours."

"I was afraid he would," said Sinclair, crossing his legs and shaking his

head. "Poor Stanhope doesn't know when to stop. But now I'm here again things will mend."

"Not to break is better than to mend," Kate observed. "Are you tired of California?"

"California has served my turn. I am the new Columbus. I brought you a specimen, Miss Vivian."

He took out of his pocket a necklace, made of nuggets of virgin gold, varying gradually in size from bits as small as a pea to a pendant an inch in length; and handed it to Madeleine. She took it, glanced at it, and let it rest on her lap.

"The country is full of those things," Sinclair remarked.

"I should have been tempted to stay longer," said Kate.

"Oh, I got what I wanted. A year was my limit. Now the other fellows may try their luck. All I wanted was the bloom of the peach. I found something else there, better than gold in its own way."

"What was it?" inquired Madeleine, speaking for the first time.

"A genius."

"Have you taken the bloom off him too?"

This question came from Kate.

"He's bloom all through," said Sinclair, running the tip of his tongue along his upper lip, and looking amused. "He invented art for himself. Sculptor in a line of his own—wild animals. I'm going to make a sensation out of him. You ladies must take him up and bring him into fashion. Nothing like him has ever been seen in London."

"Is he an Indian?" asked Kate Roland.

"A white Indian. He had lived with the red-skins some six or seven years when I found him. The tribe had been massacred, and he was on his way to the coast. He had been a sort of chief among them. Imagine a fellow six foot high in his stockings, handsome as Apollo, and graceful as a panther. He's cut off his hair; it used to curl down his back fifteen

inches. He was as simple as a child, and serious as a sagamore; but since we've been together, especially on the voyage over, I've put a little nineteenth century civilisation into him. Or rather, he got it out of me," added Sinclair, catching and understanding a glance that Kate shot at him. He paused a moment, and said with a chuckle, "You mustn't think I've spoilt him, Mrs. Roland; that isn't my cue; I know the value of pure metal when I see it. But he seems to suck in information through all his pores, and the more he gets the thirstier he is. Turns it all to good purpose too. They say genius is like fire; but it's like ice in the way it keeps a man fresh. Whatever is of no use to him he'll have nothing to do with."

"A sculptor is he?" Mrs. Roland said.

"I never knew what there was in wild beasts until I saw his models. He can make a figure of a grizzly bear six inches high look as big as life. We took some clay on board with us, and he has been at work during the voyage, and modelled half a dozen groups. The captain bought one of them for the amount of the artist's passage-money. As soon as the thing gets wind, he can make his living. A work of art by a native prince of California will be the thing that no fashionable drawing-room can be without. And the prince himself will turn the heads of half the women in London. If he plays his cards well, he ought to marry an earl's daughter, at least, in his first six months."

"And if he doesn't play his cards well, in six months he will be a good-for-nothing toper and vagabond, I suppose," said Mrs. Roland. "That is generally the way with people who are brought suddenly into civilisation. We must try to keep him barbarous, my dear," she added, turning to Madeleine, who still sat with her necklace in her lap, singularly undemonstrative.

"I shall not see him at all," Madeleine answered, with slow decision.

"My goodness, child, why not?"

Madeleine only shook her head, with compressed lips.

"My talk about him doesn't do him justice," said Bryan, in a Christian spirit. "He needs to be got hold of by the best people. Not a bit vicious, you know; but the one thing he cannot get through his head is the immortal difference between a man with a good coat and a man with a bad one. He would have the same manner for her majesty and for her majesty's laundress. Coming over he was four hours in the fore-castle for one in the cabin—because, as he very neatly put it once, the sailors will say what they think, and the cabin folks think what they'll say. But he doesn't talk fore-castle lingo. He's a prince, wherever he is. Oh, I'm proud of him."

"Well, what are your present intentions? Shall you stay in London?" asked Kate.

"My present intention is to go to Lady Mayfair's masked ball on the 7th of next month."

"Oh!" said Kate, with a glance at Madeleine, who moved slightly, and flushed. "On the 7th, is it?"

"So her ladyship told me."

"How long have you been in London?" demanded Madeleine, in a dry tone.

"Long enough to wash my face, and have a suit of clothes made," he replied cheerfully. "You'll be at the ball of course? Lady Mayfair says she entreated you."

"I shall certainly not think of going," said Madeleine, with stern impressiveness.

Kate Roland looked up in quick surprise, doubting the evidence of her ears. Madeleine's face was as grim and dark as the Cumæan Sibyl's. Now, it was Kate's desire to keep Madeleine and Sinclair apart; and she had easily inferred, from Madeleine's agitation at Sinclair's unexpected appearance, that he was not indifferent to her; and again, from her subsequent silence, that something had gone wrong. But she sagaciously

reflected that the best way to promote the misunderstanding would not be forcibly to keep the parties to it from a private interview, while the breach was yet warm; and it was just possible that Bryan might actually have altered his view regarding Madeleine; and if so, the sooner Madeleine knew it the better. Inspired by these arguments, Kate, after a little further conversation, remarked that she had some shopping to do, and requested to be excused while she went to put on her bonnet.

But Madeleine would not accept this concession.

"It is not quite time yet," she said; "and since I am going with you, you need not get ready before I do."

"It is quite time for me to be off," observed Sinclair, getting to his feet briskly. He betrayed no discomposure; but he had a faculty, upon occasion, of retiring behind the material substance of his face, as it were, and leaving the features to brazen it out without him. "I looked in to say how-d'ye-do, but it isn't a serious call. I'm not settled yet. I want to have a talk with Stanhope. I shall see you again."

"Well, I should imagine so," rejoined Kate with a laugh. "Bring Stanhope with you when you come. He has been moping lately and needs comforting."

"Yes, it seems a long time since we saw him," said Madeleine. Then, as Sinclair held out his hand to say good-bye, she put the necklace of gold nuggets into his palm, as if she had supposed that was what he wanted. Sinclair let her hand remain as it was, and looked straight into Madeleine's eyes. After a few moments she said, rather feebly,

"You will want to take it with you, I suppose."

"The thing is a curiosity," he replied. "Each piece of gold has a story to it. Some day I'll tell them to you. Suppose you keep it meanwhile?"

Madeleine eyed him hesitatingly.

After a pause she slowly put out her hand and received back the necklace. Sinclair thereupon smiled, nodded a good-bye to Kate Roland, and took his departure.

At the street door a brougham was standing, with a coachman in livery on the box. As Sinclair stepped into it he said, "Drive to the studio, Tom, and look sharp!" The coachman touched his hat, and the vehicle rolled away.

Jack and Bryan had been in London some two weeks. Bryan had taken lodgings in a fashionable quarter, and was for having Jack do likewise. But Jack, as it turned out, had views of his own. Fashion did not as yet fascinate him. He could not understand how Plantagenet de Vere came to merit and receive more consideration than John Hodge. He was more attracted by the emotional than by the intellectual side of his fellow-beings; and he conceived that intellect tended to diminish or at least to veil emotional activity. When he left the vessel, he carried with him the affectionate regards of the men before the mast; while the denizens of the after part of the ship regarded him, some as being cracked, others as a prig. For his own part, he had enjoyed the ocean beyond measure, and was sorely tempted to adopt seamanship as a permanent profession; but he controlled his longings and came ashore. After the first day or two he and Bryan to some extent parted company. Jack was set upon seeing and feeling London in his own way, before turning his attention to clubs and evening receptions, or even to theatres. Bryan was wise enough to let him follow his bent; he gave him a few pieces of sensible and plain-spoken advice, and left him to his devices; only insisting that he should report himself every two or three days. Jack hired a room in the Aldgate coffee-house at a shilling a day, where his furniture consisted of a short bed, a rickety chest of drawers, and a bottomless chair; his company, of music-

hall actors, fourth-rate shopboys, and tumultuous seamen. From this centre he explored the city, becoming acquainted with regions and phases thereof about which few people west of Temple Bar had so much as heard. His excitement and curiosity enabled him to overcome even the annoyance of his boots, enhanced though it was by the unrelenting hardness of the stone pavements. But when the edge of novelty had worn off, he paid his reckoning to the stout landlord and conveyed himself and his luggage to a respectable old brick house on the Chelsea embankment, the attic chamber of which was henceforth to be known as his studio. He made the acquaintance of one or two artists, who, impelled first by curiosity and afterwards by interest, gave him a good deal of their company, and introduced him to the wonders of the Zoological Gardens, the British Museum, and the National Gallery. He could now be said to be launched upon his artistic career. Within a week he sold another of his groups. It was bought by an elderly gentleman for whose introduction Bryan was responsible, and who, though a lawyer by calling, owned to artistic proclivities. A few days later this gentleman called again, and imparted the information that a certain Lady Mayfair wanted a life-size bronze group of wild animals in her entrance-hall, and that the sculptors of London had been invited to send in competitive designs. "My advice to you is to compete," added the gentleman; "and I prognosticate your success."

"I can send her this," said Jack, giving a preoccupied dig to the piece on which he was at work. His ignorance prevented him from appreciating the greatness of the opportunity.

"What are you going to call that, if I may ask? Elephant and tiger?"

"I don't know elephants and tigers. This is a deer and panther."

"I see. I dare say, now, you understand wild beasts as well as I do common law—eh?"

"I know some animals. I used to hunt them and watch them in California."

"Yes—yes; you were born in California, I think?"

"No; I went there—a long way."

"I see; Canada."

"I passed through a part of Canada. But my first place was New England."

"Ah! I know something about New England: Boston, Newburyport, Portsmouth—eh?"

"Were you ever there?" demanded Jack with some interest.

"No. Never made the trip; but I had a case once that led to my making inquiries. Case of inheritance—romantic, rather. Nothing came of it though. So you're a Bostonian?"

"I never was in Boston."

"Ah! I fancied all New England people went to Boston."

"Very few Suncook people ever went there," said Jack.

"Eh—what's that? What name?"

"Suncook. That was my first place."

The gentleman had been on his feet during the latter part of this conversation, and was apparently on the point of taking his leave. But he now put his hand on a chair, and sat down upon it with measured deliberation. He raised his eye-glass, and scrutinised Jack with some earnestness. Then he looked away and seemed, for a few moments, to take silent counsel with himself. Jack continued his work without noticing him.

"Suncook—Suncook," said the gentleman at length, repeating the word slowly. "Odd name that. Let me see—inland town, I believe, in—Massachusetts?"

"No; it's on the sea." Jack then described its position with some particularity. "I believe I was born there," he added. "It's the first place I remember. I haven't seen it for seven or eight years. I have hardly spoken of it till now."

"Seven or eight years. You couldn't

have been over twenty when you left it?"

"I am only a little over twenty now."

"Parents still living there, I suppose?"

"I had no parents that I know of. There was only an old man—M. Jacques."

"H'm! Rather odd your leaving so suddenly—eh?"

"I wanted to go away," replied Jack, with reserve.

"Of course—of course—very natural! Well—the papers you brought away with you—they got lost I suppose—eh?"

"What papers do you mean?"

"Certificates of birth—all that sort of thing."

"I never had any. There were no such papers."

"Papers to prove your identity in case of need. If you wanted to prove your name was Jack Vivian, for instance,"—here the lawyer glanced keenly at the young man, who, however, betrayed no sign of intelligence,—"documentary evidence might be indispensable."

"My name is nothing but Jack; M. Jacques used to call me Jacques sometimes. There can never be any need of my proving that," observed Jack indifferently. But after a while he paused in his occupation, looked at his visitor with a slightly puzzled expression, walked to the corner of the room where the banjo was standing, and taking it up, seated himself and began to tune it with an air of abstraction. By and by he said, half to himself—

"I seem to have had a talk something like this before."

"Ha! very likely. With Mr. Bryan Sinclair, I presume? You must often have talked over all these matters with him—eh?"

"No, I never have. I never even spoke to him of Suncook. It was much longer ago than that—it was a dream, perhaps. I forget it."

The lawyer stayed some while

longer, and asked a number of questions, or, to speak more accurately, made a number of interrogative remarks; but without eliciting anything of importance from Jack. At last he took his leave, but not until he had prevailed upon the young sculptor to dine with him one day during the following week.

"We shall be quite alone. I have a few pieces of statuary and pictures I should like to show you—and a glass of port or madeira—the genuine thing, I can assure you."

"Will Bryan be there?" Jack inquired.

"Not on this occasion. No. And—but, by the by, will you do me a favour?"

"Yes," said Jack, who had not learnt the imprudence of conferring an obligation which might cost him something.

"Simply—for the present—not to mention our conversation to our friend Sinclair. I'm preparing a bit of a surprise for him, perhaps; I'll explain to you later on. That's understood then? Thanks. Till Thursday at six o'clock. Good day, Mr. Vivian—Mr. Jack I would say—Good day."

"Vivian!" mused Jack, resuming his banjo. "And my having but one name. I wish I could remember! I wish Bryan were going to dine with us."

He fell into a reverie, humming a song in an undertone to the accompaniment of the musical strings. In the midst of this, Bryan came in, having just arrived from that interview with Madeleine which has been described.

"Where did you pick up that tune?" he demanded, after the first words of greeting had been said.

"I found it myself when I was a child," Jack replied.

It was, in fact, the little wordless song which his unknown mother had sung.

"If I'm not mistaken, I heard it in Paris ten years ago—the air is very peculiar. I recollect—the old maiden

lady, whose niece had run away—well, that's curious. Was your mother a Frenchwoman, Jack?"

Jack made no reply: he was not attending.

"It would be a capital joke," continued Bryan, chuckling, "if you could be made to appear as the lost heir of Castlemere! If I'd thought of it in time, I might have introduced you to English society as the claimant. What a blow for poor old Murdoch!"

"Who?" demanded Jack, suddenly.

"Oh, a fellow-conspirator of mine in bygone days. We met in Paris at the old lady's *salon*. The plot was, that I should marry his daughter, who was heiress to a great estate in the contingency of no nearer claimant existing. But, in one way and another, evidence was forthcoming that such a claimant possibly existed, and poor Murdoch set out for America to make investigations. What the deuce can have become of him! Did he and the boy play the Kilkenny cats, or what! There are a great many loose ends in this world. On second thoughts, my man, we won't set you up for the heir. You would spoil my game. If you are Jack Vivian, fourteenth Baron Castlemere, it will become my duty to pitch you out of the window, or brain you with the poker."

While Bryan rattled on in this style, Jack was pursuing his own thoughts, which took a turn that seemed to him very strange. A vision of faces and events that he had supposed to be the exclusive property of his own remembrance had suddenly risen up, as it were, and uttered themselves aloud. The effect was to make him mentally shrink back and conceal himself. Only after long private meditation could he resolve what to say, if he said anything. Meanwhile, it did not need his promise to the lawyer to lay an embargo upon his tongue.

"You show no curiosity regarding the success of my mission," exclaimed Bryan at last.

Jack looked at him inquiringly.

"My interview with my lady-love, man! Where have your wits gone wool-gathering again! You are not at all the character to play *fidus Achates* in an intrigue!"

"I remember now: Miss Castlemere."

"Miss Castlemere, as it suits me to call her—though the deuce knows why I should take such precautions with you, or with anybody else, for that matter! You would never believe, Jack, what a charming alteration has come over the demeanour of all my fashionable friends since my return. When I went away to California, I was a sort of pariah; there were shady passages in my past; my governor had cut me off with a shilling; I was living by my wits; I was a detrimental; the papas and mammas of society warned their offspring against me; the committees of my clubs gently suggested that my name should fade away from the list of members. But now, all is sunshine and invitation! I go everywhere, dine out every night, am flattered and caressed by those who whilom mistrusted me; marriageable daughters are displayed before me in enticing attitudes, and innocent sons are confided to my guidance and instruction. It is very touching: it is enough to restore the veriest cynic to the first dewy purity of his belief in human nature; and it has, I am sure, nothing to do with the report that I have in some way fallen heir to a million sterling. The only person who doesn't seem to be favourably affected is my lady-love: her behaviour this morning was cold and reticent."

"I suppose she doesn't love you any more?" said Jack, ingenuously.

"Thanks for the inspiring suggestion. I was half inclined to think so myself at first. But that is an hour ago; and now I incline to the belief that she loves me more than ever. She is indignant about something; but she ended by keeping the neck-

lace. A word alone with her will make it all right; and that I will have at the masquerade. By the way, you must come to the masquerade, my man. I've got a card for you, and it will be a capital way of making your *début*. You can appear in character—put on deerskin and wampum, and paint your face red and black. You shall be presented to Miss Castle-mere."

"Then she will go?"

"As a matter of fact, she said she wouldn't. But she will change her mind between this and the 7th of May. On that day I propose to publish to the world the fact of our engagement. The wedding will take place on her birthday, next November, when she also comes into her inheritance. You shall be my best man, Jack; unless you're married yourself before then."

"I may be back in America before then," said Jack, laying down his banjo and returning to his clay.

"Nonsense! We can't spare you, my man; and you'll find you can't spare us, after you have got used to us a little. What has put America in your head?"

To this question Jack vouchsafed no reply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY MAYFAIR DEVISES AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF HUMAN SOCIETY.
—MADELEINE AND KATE ROLAND EXERCISE THEIR TALENT FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADY MAYFAIR'S abode was a sort of architectural continent. Travellers made journeys into it, and the discovery of new regions was occasionally reported. No one pretended to have more than partially explored it. It was the dwelling-place of fashionable civilisation; but it could only in a special sense be termed exclusive. Any sphere of society which had attained a certain level of cultivation and refinement was endowed with its rights of citizenship. In this respect

it was an eclectic republic. Royalty itself could not compete with Lady Mayfair in the brilliant catholicity of her entertainments. Her name was Alexandra, and she was called Alexandra the Great, because there were no more social worlds left for her to conquer. She was a slender, congenial, infallible woman, with a graceful neck, a drifting gait, a low voice, and an illustrious smile. Her person was youthful, her experience immense; she had the tact of a strain of music, and the judgment of a planetary system. No one knew who she was or whence she came; but one would sooner speak disrespectfully of the equator than of her; she was much the more absolute and indispensable institution of the two. This woman expressed what everybody was trying to think, and accomplished what everybody was trying to invent. To converse with her was to be made aware of unexpected reservoirs of culture and courtesy within yourself.

It was her custom to begin each season with a great party; a sort of grand review of troops at the opening of the campaign. Here you would recognise the famous figures of former years; and here you would catch the first glimpse of those destined to future renown. On the present occasion the world was to meet itself through the medium of a masquerade. There was once a time when it was not the thing to take one's children out driving in the Row; until one day the Royal family appeared in her Majesty's carriage. It was formerly unfashionable for a lady to be seen in a hansom cab in the afternoon; but on a certain afternoon the Princess of Wales did the impossible deed, and thenceforth it was all right. Within living memory masquerades were not held to be quite respectable; but when it became known that masks were to be worn at Lady Mayfair's, society acknowledged its mistake. Nothing was talked of but costumes and characters; and "What shall you go as?" became an integral part of the day's language.

The literature of masquerades was in demand at the libraries; and everybody became more or less of an authority on historical epochs. A little more, and society would have been in danger of getting irretrievably educated.

Invitations were for nine o'clock; but as supper was to be at one, it was evident that a broad margin would be allowed for late arrivals. Every guest was required to wear a mask, and not to take it off before supper-time; at that hour it might be removed or not, at pleasure. No one could appear without at least a domino; but characteristic costumes would be preferred. The number of persons likely to be present was variously estimated, and the possibility of unwarranted intruders finding their way in was a subject of interesting conjecture. But Lady Mayfair had never made a mistake, and it was not probable that she would fail in this point. Meanwhile, the idea that something unorthodox might conceivably occur served to enhance the fascination of the general prospect.

On the morning of the 7th of May the topic of the masquerade again came up for discussion between Madeleine and Kate; and the former reiterated her determination not to go. She had remained in an unusually morose frame of mind from the day of Sinclair's first call till now; and had evaded Kate's efforts to get her to explain. "Nothing is the matter," she persistently affirmed. "I have changed my mind." So much was evident; the question was whether she would change it again. Kate could not disguise her uneasiness. Madeleine could not go on being indignant and uncommunicative for ever; and when the reaction came, it might carry her dangerous lengths. Of course Sinclair was at the bottom of the trouble; though it was not apparent exactly what his offence had been. If, indeed, the offence had been patent, there would have been less cause for anxiety. But an offence which is imaginary or

impalpable is liable to be condoned as whimsically as it was taken. The matter of the necklace was an additional source of misgiving. So far as Kate knew, it had never been given back. Sinclair had called several times, but Madeleine had pointedly avoided seeing him alone; if, therefore, anything had been said between him and Madeleine on the subject, it must have been said in deliberate secrecy. Kate's fear had been that Madeleine had been waiting for the masquerade as an opportunity for coming to an understanding with Sinclair in some fashion suited to her dramatic and romantic genius. But she did not know whether to feel relieved or not when Madeleine finally adhered to her purpose of giving the masquerade the go-by.

An hour or two later Madeleine said—

"My Aunt Maria has written that she wishes to see me. I think I shall go there and spend the night. You won't mind being here alone?"

She was holding a letter in her hand as she spoke. Her Aunt Maria, it should be said, was at this time living in another part of London, in a small house which she had rented for her private accommodation. She and her niece had not agreed very well together as co-inmates of one dwelling; but as their differences were mainly temperamental, the separation had had the effect of renewing their friendly relations. They saw each other just as seldom as they pleased, and never overstayed their mutual welcome. Wealthy people ought never to bore one another; one of the most precious uses of money is the facilities it affords for enabling its possessors to keep apart.

"I think it's a good idea," Kate answered. "I can go with you if you like."

"No; Aunt Maria and I get on better by ourselves."

"When shall you start?"

"Not till the evening. She sits up most of the night, you know. She

likes a quiet game of picquet. You can improve the opportunity of going to bed early and sleeping late. I shall be back to lunch to-morrow."

After this conversation, Madeleine's spirits began to rise; she was more vivacious and talkative than she had been for many days past. There was a fine vein of arch humour in the girl, which seldom came prominently to the surface, but which, on those rare occasions, seemed to be one of her most charming traits. She had the power of making her mood contagious; and she and Kate behaved like a couple of romping school-girls all the afternoon. They laughed at everything, and said whatever came into their heads, if it was absurd enough. But Kate could not rival Madeleine either in the quality or the abundance of her drollery. She was frequently tempted to exclaim, "What a splendid comic actress you would make!" but restrained herself from doing so, she scarcely knew why. At last she could keep up the fun no longer, but sat on a sofa in a state of physical exhaustion. Madeleine resumed her favourite position against the mantelpiece, and by and by she said—

"Well, we have had one masquerade after all."

"Have we?"

"Yes, masks and all," rejoined Madeleine, with an ambiguous smile; and then she added, "I am going now to pack my portmanteau."

"Shan't I help you?"

"Not for worlds!" said Madeleine, with a grandiloquent gesture; and she swept out of the room.

Left alone, Kate became meditative and, as was apt to be the case with her, even after so many years, melancholy. She thought of her husband, and of the happiness they might have had. She wondered why Providence had not permitted them to have it. Then she reflected on the many cases of marriages which had been permitted to take place, and which had resulted in anything but happiness. Was the one a set-off against the other? But why,

under a beneficent ordering of things, should not the right people always be brought together? Was unhappiness really, as moralists affirmed, a blessing in disguise? If such were indeed the fact, the world was blessed wholesale. These considerations brought her to think of Madeleine, and her probable future. Would she be happy? Now that their hour of mirth was over, Kate perceived that it had been, in truth, a masquerade for both of them. The shadow which rested upon Madeleine was not really lifted; only, perhaps, it had become so irksome as to necessitate a nervous outbreak of some kind. Was it another phase of the same nervousness that prompted her to spend the evening with her aunt? That certainly seemed a strange way of working off suppressed excitement. And the more Kate pondered upon it, the stranger it seemed.

After an interval, Madeleine reappeared. She had changed her dress, and was in the plainest walking attire. It was now about eight o'clock. They had taken their dinner at luncheon time, and some coffee was now served previous to Madeleine's departure. She carried in her hand the necklace of gold nuggets, which she placed on the mantelpiece. Kate was glad of the assurance thus afforded that there had been no private dealings in the matter between her and Sinclair. Madeleine noticed the direction of her friend's eyes, and immediately said—

"It is just the sort of thing to please Aunt Maria."

They sat down to their coffee, and again Madeleine was unusually loquacious, though her observations no longer took a humorous turn. She talked, as an uneasy stranger might have done, to avoid stillness. Her discourse mostly related to herself,—what she would like to do; what was worth while doing; what a woman, relying solely upon herself, might accomplish.

"It is men that spoil women," she said; "all the famous women have managed without men; and

then, out of spite, the men have tried to make it out that the women were not respectable. I would rather be famous than respectable." When Kate, as in duty bound, protested against this sentiment, Madeleine added, "I mean what respectable people call respectable—that is, dead."

The servant came in to say that the carriage was at the door.

"Have you put in the portmanteau?" Madeleine asked.

The servant replied in the affirmative. Madeleine arose and put on her hat, and a long cloak that she sometimes wore. She put her arms round Kate and kissed her.

"Good-night," she said, "I suppose you'll go to bed early—unless you should decide to go to Lady Mayfair's after all! There's your card and your domino, if you do."

Kate smiled and sighed.

"I shall see you at luncheon?"

"If we ever meet again at all!" returned the other, laughing and kissing her finger-tips at the door: and with that she was gone.

Kate heard the carriage roll away, and then she took up a book, and fixed her attention upon it with more or less effort for nearly an hour. But it did not interest her, nor yet make her sleepy. She shut it up at last, and went over to the fireplace, to stir the dying embers in the grate. As she laid her hand upon the mantelpiece, it came in contact with a round, hard object—one of the component parts of Sinclair's gold necklace.

Madeleine had forgotten it. Kate's first impulse was to summon a servant, and send him with the necklace to Aunt Maria's; but she reflected that it would not do to entrust so valuable a thing to a servant's care. Then she asked herself whether she should not take it herself; but after some hesitation she decided that the matter was not of sufficient urgency to warrant that step. Possibly Madeleine had altered her mind about carrying it to show her aunt, who might ask inconvenient questions about it. Having adopted

this view, Kate took the necklace in her hand, and went up stairs to lay it away in Madeleine's toilet drawer.

The door of the chamber was shut, but, upon opening it, Kate found that the gas was alight on either side of the full-length mirror. A bit of gold lace trimming lay on the floor in front of the mirror. Kate picked it up; it was identical with the trimming which Madeleine had used upon her domino, before the idea of going to the masquerade had been given up. This domino, as Kate knew, had been put away in a certain part of the wardrobe. She now went and looked for it there, and it was not to be found.

This startled her; and some further investigations which, under the circumstances, she justified herself in making, all pointed in a direction towards which her suspicions were now turned. Finally she rang the bell for Madeleine's maid, and asked her whether she had dressed her mistress and packed her portmanteau? The girl replied that Miss Vivian had performed both these offices for herself.

Kate hereupon retired to her own chamber to think it over. She was by this time pretty well persuaded that Madeleine had not gone to her aunt's at all, but to the masquerade. For the present, and wisely, Kate forbore to speculate upon the causes which might have impelled her friend to act in this manner; what monopolised her thoughts was the course which she herself ought to adopt under the circumstances. It did not take her long to decide that she must follow Madeleine. It would not be difficult to find her; if she were not at her aunt's she must be at Lady Mayfair's. The first thing to do, therefore, was to inquire at the former place. It would have been easy to summon the coachman and ask him where he had driven; but Kate felt unwilling to give the servants ground for supposing that anything might be wrong. The more quietly she could proceed the better. She rapidly dressed herself in a simple evening costume, and in order to be prepared

for a probable emergency, she rolled up her mask and domino in a bundle, which she took under her outside cloak. She hung the gold necklace round her neck, her plan being, in case Madeleine was after all at her aunt's, to make the necklace the excuse for having called there. Her next care was to tell the footman that she was going to Miss Vivian's, and might be detained overnight; the street door was to be latched, but not bolted, and the servants were to go to bed at the usual hour; if she returned late, she would let herself in with her pass-key. Matters having been thus arranged, she ordered a cab to be called; and when it arrived drove at once to Aunt Maria's. Telling the cabman to wait, she ran up the steps and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Madeleine Vivian here?" she asked of the domestic who appeared.

"She 'as been here, ma'am—Mrs. Roland," he added, recognising her; "she 'as been here, but she didn't stay more than it might be half an hour."

"But she was really here?" said Kate, who did not know what to think of this intelligence. It was neither one thing nor the other.

"Oh, yes 'm, she was here," the worthy Thomas replied; and, after a pause, "Shall I mention to Miss Vivian that you've come, ma'am?"

"No, I wasn't coming in," Kate said. "I only came—I brought something that Miss Madeleine left behind, and that I thought she might require. I hoped to be in time before she went away." This she said in order that Thomas might not suppose that she was taken by surprise. Then it occurred to her to add, "She drove direct from here to Lady Mayfair's, did she not?"

"I couldn't say for certain, Mrs. Roland," answered Thomas; "the carriage was sent away, her own carriage was, and she went huff in a cab. I didn't 'appen to 'ear where she told the cabbie to drive. But I can inquire hup stairs, ma'am."

"Thank you, it won't be necessary. Of course she will be at Lady Mayfair's. I knew she was going there, but I didn't think she would go so early," said Kate, in her most cheerful accents. She hoped Thomas would believe that she was rather amused than otherwise by the mistake.

Thomas looked deferential, but unpleasantly sagacious. She went back to her cab, Thomas gallantly escorting her, and opening the door for her.

"Where shall I say, Mrs. Roland?" he inquired at the window.

"To Lady Mayfair's, please," returned Kate; and the next moment she was again alone with her fears and her perplexities.

It was not easy to see why Madeleine should have gone to her aunt's. Was it merely in order to maintain a literal truthfulness to the ear, while she broke it to the sense? Or could it be that she had finally decided to go to the masquerade only after arriving at Miss Vivian's house? Neither hypothesis was likely. It was more in Madeleine's way to have thought out her scheme beforehand; then she would either not carry it out at all, or she would carry it out as she had planned it. Kate now perceived that it might have been better to have had an interview with Aunt Maria, and to have found out what Madeleine had said and done while there. She consoled herself, however, with the reflection that the girl could be nowhere else than at Lady Mayfair's; otherwise she would not have taken her domino with her. For the rest, Kate was fain to trust to luck and to hope for the best.

The cab was now drawing near its destination, and Kate was reminded that she had not put on her masquerading attire. She unfolded her bundle, and effected the disguise with little difficulty, moralising the while upon the grotesque contrast between her inward anxiety and her external gaiety. But she was probably not the first masquerader who had been landed in a similar predicament. Glancing

out of the window, she found that her cab formed one in a long row of vehicles which were slowly filing past the Mayfair portal. To her impatience it seemed a long time before her turn came to alight. An awning had been erected from the hall door across the pavement, and a broad strip of carpeting was spread to protect the slippered feet from the damp. She was conducted up the steps by a servitor in the garb of the Pope's Swiss Guard at Rome; she had a passing vision of staring faces packed against both sides of the way; and then she was received into a warm glow of lights and colours, a pervading throb of musical sounds, and a thronging movement of quaint and splendid figures. The hall was lit with a ruddy firmament of Chinese lanterns. The pillars and mouldings were swathed with flowers, whose soft but penetrating fragrance rendered breath a luxury. The broad staircase, which reached the first floor by two wide landings, was carpeted with crimson damask; and silken banners and draperies of velvet and cloth of gold festooned the bannisters and drooped from wall and ceiling. As Kate reached the head of the staircase, the light became more brilliant, the strains of melody took on a fuller sound, and the multitudinous hum of voices, which the great size of the saloons prevented from becoming oppressive, nevertheless constituted a steady and even undertone. Near the entrance of the first drawing-room, underneath an arched canopy made of roses and lilies fastened to a framework and arranged in a star-shaped pattern, stood Alexandra the Great, as Queen and hostess of the occasion. She was dressed as Titania; and her face was the only one, out of the thousand or more surrounding her, that was unmasked. It bore the ordeal well; it had a quality at once queenly and fairylike, so that there needed little stress of imagination to believe that her magic power had created this wondrous and gorgeous scene out of nothing; and that a

wave of her wand could make it vanish into nothing once more. And truly, in one point of view, such was the case.

Having received the greeting of this potent personage, Kate was merged in the throng, and found herself moving slowly in no determinate direction, obedient to the gentle and fitful pressure around her. So luxurious and subtle was the flattery provided for every sense, that for a while she could be conscious only of sensuous enjoyment. She forgot what had brought her hither, and half ceased to realise where she was. It was a new world, resembling neither in its aims nor its aspects the sober, neutral-tinted world in which mortals live. Here were the swing of embroidered cloaks, the rustle of satin robes, the nod and beck of feathery plumes, the perfumed wave of painted fans, and the sparkle of jewelled sword-hilts. Here were grotesque or beautiful forms from elf-land, from realms of myth and symbol, from the regions of poetry and romance. Everywhere, too, the eye was met by the ambiguous enchantment of a mask—surely one of the most impressive, albeit at the same time primitive, modifications of nature that humanity ever adopted. The effect of the human countenance—its paramount importance and significance—can never be appreciated until it has concealed itself behind a vizard. A world without faces, without the infinite variety and mobility of features, would be a world whose character and destiny no experience of ours could enable us to declare. A crowd of masks, with their unreal mockery of reality, their lifeless parody of life, is something at once terrible and ludicrous, exhilarating and appalling. If you yield to their influence, you are carried away from yourself, and the mask which you carry upon your own visage seems to have fastened upon your soul. You are the mere creature of a mummery—the apparition of a pantomime; your mask is the only genuine and permanent thing about

you, and to take it off would be to deprive yourself of such fantastic existence as you still possess. Meanwhile, within this masked world, there is a singular and intoxicating freedom, or rather license. Your part is as if it were not; your individuality, and with it your responsibility, are no more; you are emancipated from barriers and traditions; the words you speak, the deeds you do, will not be remembered or recorded against you. You are not only not yourself, you are nobody—you are a mask. Or are you more unrestrainedly yourself than ever before, and therefore, to others as well as to yourself, unrecognisable?

Kate, in her plain domino and black silken vizard, escaped much observation, and was allowed to pursue her devious way without any intentional interruption. But at length, as she was passing what appeared to be the deep and broad embrasure of a window, she felt a strong hand grasp her wrist, and turning, found herself confronted by a stalwart figure in chain armour, with a helmet surmounted by a lofty crest in the semblance of a golden eagle with outstretched wings. Kate looked at him attentively, and could perceive that his eyes were meeting hers; but it was impossible, through the polished bars of his helmet, to discern any more than this. She shook her head and was about to withdraw herself from his hold, when, with what seemed a low laugh, he bent down and whispered in her ear—

"I know you; there's no mistaking you, Madeleine Vivian, even if it weren't for my gold nuggets on your breast. I've been waiting for you this hour. Come in here; we sha'n't be interfered with behind these curtains."

So saying, he drew her into the embrasure, where, though only partially concealed from the assemblage outside, they were out of the general stream of movement, and quite sufficiently secluded for all practical purposes. Kate, after a moment's hesitation, resolved to profit by this unexpected opportunity to learn what

Sinclair's relations with Madeleine really were. He had thrown himself into her power, and it would be the height of flimsy Quixotism in her to apprise him of his mistake until she had made him serve her turn. So she endured herself with all she could muster of Madeleine's manner and bearing, and spoke to her companion in guarded whispers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"But my lover will not prize all the glory
that he rides in,
When he gazes on my face:
He will say, 'O love, thine eyes build the
shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.'"

SINCLAIR, on his way to the masquerade, had called at Jack's rooms, meaning to accompany him to the entertainment; but Jack was not at home. He had gone out, Sinclair was informed, an hour or two before, and had left no word as to his destination. As he had shown some disposition to shirk the affair altogether, Sinclair came to the conclusion that he had taken this method to avoid being over-persuaded; so, as there was no help for it, he repaired to Lady Mayfair's alone, where he occupied himself in searching for Madeleine with the result above indicated.

But Jack was not in precisely that shy and wavering mood which Sinclair had credited him with. A new and strange spirit had been rapidly developing itself within him of late. His interviews with the inquiring lawyer had been frequent, and their effect upon him was marked. He said nothing about them to Bryan; but occasionally, when Bryan was with him, he fixed his eyes upon him in a preoccupied way that almost made Bryan nervous. He was not averse from conversation, however; but he seemed inclined to discuss a new range of topics—matters which Bryan would have said were not in his proper line—such as the laws of

inheritance, the ownership of land, the organisation of society.

"If I were some one else, I should do as he would do," he once said; whereat Bryan laughed. Jack explained: "Our eyes are made to see with, and our tongues to talk with; in the same way, some of us are born to do one thing, and some another."

"You seem to have been studying a primer of physiology and a child's guide to political economy, and to have got them mixed," said Bryan.

"All sorts of things get done," proceeded Jack; "good things and bad. It is of no consequence who does them. If I never finish this group, it will get finished somehow."

"There you are wrong," replied Bryan.

"The meaning of it would get out in some way, if the group itself did not," Jack persisted.

"Oh, if you're going to argue on the principle of the conservation of energy, you'd better hire a lecture-room," exclaimed Bryan. "What you are aiming at amounts to this: men are eggs; the world sucks them. As long as the world sucks them dry, it's all one where the hole is made." At this Jack relapsed into silence and went on with his modelling.

However, he was really emerging from the primitive traditions of his past life, and entering upon a new phase. It was characteristic of him to take things as he found them. He accepted the Indian version of existence as long as he was in the way of it; and now the London version had begun to have its influence upon him. He had not the vanity or the strength that delights in isolation for its own sake. If he were eccentric and original, it was inadvertently. He was sure that, in all things for which he was responsible, he was strictly identical with his kind; if he produced anything (such as a prize group of statuary) which the ordinary run of men were not capable of, it was only because it happened so, and it in no

way altered or distinguished him personally. And, as he instinctively aimed to be like an Indian while he lived with Indians, so now (after the first strangeness had begun to wear off) his desire in England was to be like Englishmen. He did not recognise the right or reason of adopting and carrying out a private theory of life in opposition to the sense and practice of the majority. Some features of civilisation had, it is true, struck him at first as being very odd and unnatural; but when circumstances led him to picture himself as an outgrowth of civilisation, he felt the impulse to merge himself in it, oddities and all. Nevertheless, during the interval between the lawyer's visit to him and the evening of the masquerade, he was in a state of meditation and transition, and not prepared to avow himself explicitly. But he had made up his mind to go to the masquerade, and he went.

There was a person there in the dress of a Spanish cavalier,—a plumed sombrero, an embroidered cloak, doublet and trunk-hose slashed with silk, and boots of yellow leather to the knee. This person, wandering through the crowd, caught sight of a tall figure in the garb of a troubadour, and carrying under his arm an instrument that was neither a guitar nor a mandolin, though it had some of the features of both. The cavalier remembered to have seen something like it before, and was half minded to accost the troubadour, and ask him to sing a ditty to it. But the pressure of the crowd kept them apart; and the troubadour, who moved with a slight limp, passed through the doorway of an adjoining room, and disappeared.

The cavalier continued on his way, which was no way in particular, and gradually found himself approaching the end of the saloon, where, in a balcony elevated high above the floor, a band of stringed instruments was flinging out pungent melody over the heads of the assemblage. Com-

ing to one of the polished marble pillars on which the balcony was supported, he leaned against it and folded his arms. His masked face was turned towards the body of the room, alive with a gorgeous medley of shifting forms and colours; but his manner was abstracted. Perhaps he was listening to the waltz-music that the band was playing. At any rate he had, for the moment, forgotten where he was in thinking deeply of other things. Just then, a frisky individual, in the guise of Punchinello, tripped over the train of Mary Queen of Scots, and pitched heavily forwards against the cavalier's shoulder. He, in turn, was thrown against a Swiss peasant who was standing near him—to whom he instinctively said, in an undisguised voice—

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

It was a remarkable voice, low and clear, with a quality in it unlike the majority of men's voices. The peasant turned immediately, and surveyed the cavalier from top to toe. The latter, as if abashed at so earnest a scrutiny, raised his hand to his sombrero, and pulled it lower down over his brow. The peasant caught this hand—which was ungloved—and pointing to a sapphire ring upon the forefinger, said—

"I know you; I am Stanhope Maurice."

"How do you know me?" demanded the cavalier, drawing back.

"By your voice, and by Lord Castlemere's ring. Are you alone here, Madeleine?"

"For the present. I did not expect to meet you."

"I came here in the hope of meeting you. Otherwise I was going to call on you to-morrow. May I speak to you a moment? If you will take my arm, we can get over to one of the windows, out of the way of the crowd. I am very glad I found you. I should never have guessed you if you hadn't spoken."

Madeleine (for she it was) said nothing more until they got to a

curtained recess at the side of the room. At the end of the recess there was a low divan, on which they seated themselves.

"You are certainly well disguised," remarked Stanhope.

"I meant to be," she replied. "I am not going to unmask. What did you want to say?"

"Well, the upshot of it is, I want to say good-bye. I'm leaving England soon."

"I'm sorry for that," said Madeleine, after a pause. "What makes you wish to go?"

"It isn't a matter of wishing. I've been very unlucky lately—you may have heard something about it. I have heard of a capital chance to do a stroke of business abroad."

"Where?"

"In America."

"Who told you of it?"

"Bryan Sinclair. He has just come from there. He says——"

"Do you believe all that Bryan Sinclair tells you? Was it not he who got you into this trouble?"

"Bryan was deceived as well as I. He has always been the best of friends to me. It was partly as a compensation for my ill-luck that he told me of this, which is a secret."

"Perhaps it is not so much a secret as you suppose. I think Mr. Sinclair is quite as likely to deceive as to be deceived. Perhaps he only wants you out of the way. There may be something that he wants that he is afraid you might get, if you stayed here."

"What makes you suspect him? I thought you liked him?"

"I never liked him. I loved him!" said Madeleine deliberately. "And now that I have told you that, you know I hate him."

Stanhope did not speak for several moments.

"I would rather have heard anything of Bryan than that," he said at last. "He led me to believe otherwise. What has he done that makes you——"

"He has not done what I expect a

man who loves me to do," said Madeleine, in a voice that was low, but hurried and uneven. "He went away for a year, and when he came back. . . . There is no need for me to say anything. You are going away too."

"Madeleine, you know what I have felt for you; but now that I am poor—but if my staying here—if you think you could ever—"

"Oh, no, I did not mean that. Hating him does not make me love any one else. That would be too easy a way out of unhappiness. You had better go—if you are sure that things will turn out as he tells you to expect. No doubt you will make money; I believe he did." Here she sprang up with a laugh. "How absurd we look, talking melodramatic dialogue to each other in stage dresses! I came here in hopes of getting out of myself, so as to act sensibly; but I'm forgetting my part. I am Don Felix de Salamanca. Señor, do not let me detain you from your affairs."

Stanhope rose also, and said with much emotion, "I care more for you than for the world's opinion. If you tell me not to go to America I will stay."

Madeleine seemed to hesitate, and before she had time to decide upon her reply she caught sight of a figure in the crowd which changed the current of her thoughts. She murmured something, which Stanhope did not distinctly hear, put her hand in his for a moment, and then, with a quickness that prevented him from detaining her, she stepped past him and was almost immediately lost to his view. He turned back and reseated himself upon the divan.

Don Felix, meanwhile, was in close pursuit of a black domino, which he had had no difficulty in recognising. When at length he overtook it he addressed it without ceremony.

"Why did you come here? Have you seen any one?"

"I think you have made a mistake," said the black domino; but an instant afterwards she exclaimed, putting her

hands on the Don's arm, "Oh, my dear, is it you? I have been—I have so much to tell you! But how did you—?"

"I will explain about myself another time. What have you to tell me?"

"I have been talking with Sinclair. He mistook me for you. Of course he said all sorts of things; he asked me—you—to agree to marry him, secretly, next week. Yes, he did; I'm in such a state of mind I hardly know what I am about. Thank God it was I and not you—not that I suppose you wouldn't have answered him as I did; but—he's a terrible creature! I am trembling all over; if I'd been a man I'd have knocked him down!"

"Did he say anything else?"

"I don't remember half he said; I was so angry I could hardly help letting him know who I was. He began with a lot of excuses for not having spoken to you sooner. He couldn't get a chance with you alone, and thought you wanted to get rid of him—I don't know what all! I told him very plainly that I—you, you know—would have nothing to do with him, and that he was never to show his face at the house again. I thought for a moment he was going to strike me; I believe he would have done it if we hadn't been in sight of the people. The great brute! Do let us get home!"

"How was he dressed?"

"Oh, chain armour, and an eagle on his helmet—there! there he goes now! Don't let him see us. We can go out by this door."

"I am not going out yet," said Madeleine, in a voice that had a ring in it; she had been speaking very quietly heretofore. "You had no right to interfere. I do not choose to be spoken for. You need not wait for me. I can take care of myself."

"You are not—? My dear, where are you going?" exclaimed Kate, in a panic. But Madeleine had gone. She followed after the eagle helmet, with a

fierce and flushed face beneath her mask, and her heart beating high.

Now the wearer of the helmet, after his very unsatisfactory interview with the domino which he supposed to contain the heiress of Castlemere, had by chance come across the limping troubadour who has been already alluded to. The following dialogue then took place:—

"Well, my man, so you got here after all? If you are ready to be off, I'm with you."

"I shall stay as long as it lasts. I wish everything were like this."

"The devil is in it, in my opinion. Whoever invented masks either came from Tophet or has gone there. I have been near losing my temper. If I hadn't remembered that there would be no masks to-morrow I should have lost it past finding. To-morrow I shall see——! Come on! There'll be plenty more of this tomfoolery for you in the course of the season."

"Not for me; I am going to America next week."

"Have you still got that maggot in your brain? Damn all masquerades! Haven't you just won the competition for Lady Mayfair's prize group? America indeed!"

"I'll tell you the reason, now that I know it myself. I have found out who my father was. He was an Englishman: a baron. He died, so I am a baron. A part of the land of England is mine, and houses, and money."

"Well, this is news with a vengeance. And what has it to do with America?"

"Because my grandfather lives there, and I must get the papers to prove my inheritance. There is a lady here in England who thinks it is hers."

"Why, what in the name of——? What part of America?"

"The place I was born in—Suncook."

"Suncook! Look here, Jack—but hold on; come out of this cursed crush. Ah, this is better—sit down. Now, may I inquire your grandfather's name?"

"M. Jacques Malgrè. He is French."

"Was your father French too?"

"I told you he was English. His name was Floyd Vivian."

The wearer of the helmet clasped his hands over his sword-hilt, and rested his chin upon them. "If this is a fairy story," he observed, after a spell of silence, "it's deucedly ingenious. If it's a fact, you might as well have told me before I winged you in the ankle last summer. Well; now what of this lady, whose prospects in life you are going to knock into a cocked hat? Have you any acquaintance with her?"

"I only know she is the daughter of my father's brother. I don't mean to do her any harm. She can have all she wants. I shall tell her so when I come back from America."

"Aren't you afraid she may hire an assassin to put an end to you; or that some lover of hers——? However, Baron Jack, I congratulate you. Don't let your prosperity lead you to forget the friends of your adversity. You can tip me a fiver now and then for old acquaintance's sake. By the way, who put you up to this? Who communicated to you the romantic secret of your parentage?"

"I promised him not to tell at present."

"He wouldn't mind you telling me."

"He said, not you particularly."

"The devil he did! Well, as things have gone to-night, it isn't so much matter. Yesterday it might have been different. One gets one's tit for tat in curious ways. Upon the whole, I ought to felicitate myself on having had an escape. Baron Jack, you have helped me to my revenge! Well, I'm going home to think all this over. It may turn out to be only a bit of masquerading after all. Of course I shall see you before you go?"

"Yes," said the troubadour: and then the other took his leave: and it was while he was under the influence of this amazing news that the Spanish cavalier, Don Felix, accosted him.

The troubadour, meanwhile, remained in the alcove; and being somewhat wearied with the sights and excitement of the evening, he unslung his instrument from his shoulders, tuned it, and began to pluck at the strings. At first he echoed the tunes that the orchestra were playing in the saloon; but, by degrees, he came to rehearse musical reminiscences of his own. The crowd of masquers were by this time turning their faces towards the supper-room, so that the musician was left more and more in solitude. How long he had been thus he did not know, when, at length, a masquer entered the alcove with a listless and weary step, and flung himself down upon a settee. He threw back his silk-lined cloak, thrust back his plumed sombrero from his brow, and, with a certain recklessness of gesture, pulled off his mask. The countenance thus revealed was of striking beauty, but more smooth and delicate than generally belongs to a man. It was extremely pale, affording a marked contrast to the blackness of the eyes. The troubadour, who had scarcely noticed the cavalier's entrance, went on with his music, humming to it in an undertone.

For some time the situation remained unaltered; but at last the cavalier, emerging from his apparently painful preoccupation, looked up and said, "May I ask you, sir, where you learnt that air? It is a very peculiar one."

The musician turned, and seeing that his interlocutor was unmasked, he uncovered his own face likewise. The two looked at each other attentively.

"Did you ever hear it before?" the musician finally asked.

"Yes, long ago. But not in this country."

"Where?"

"It was in New England. When I was a little girl."

"A girl! then you are not a man?"

The cavalier's paleness changed to rose colour. "I forgot. No matter! Yes, I am a woman."

"I might have known that," observed the troubadour after a pause. "I have come round the world to find your face."

"Do you mean you are from New England?"

"It is eight or nine years since I was there."

"Yes; eight or nine years since I heard that air you were playing. It was on just such an instrument too. A banjo, I think?"

"This is the same banjo."

"Are you that little boy? But it can't be!"

"It was in the cave. I said I would come round the world, and play this air——"

"Yes—yes, I remember! You would play it, and by that I should know you. You are really he, then. How strange! I should never have known you but for this."

"I should have known you, but I should not have known you were that little girl."

"How would you have known me then?"

"Because your face is the face I have had with me ever since. Do you remember that in the morning, when we said good-bye, you gave me something?"

"A locket? Yes, I know. Have you got that still?"

"Here it is," said the troubadour, drawing it forth. "It has a portrait in it, you know, of a beautiful woman's face—the loveliest in the world."

"I had forgotten that——. Yes, now I remember! Let me see it."

He came and sat beside her, and they looked at the portrait together.

"It is a little like me," remarked the cavalier at length.

"It is you! I was always sure there must be such a face, and that I should find it. I have dreamt of it, and seen it in the air a hundred times. Whenever I was unhappy I took out this locket and opened it. I could never have done much of anything if it had not been for this. I should never have come to England."

"Has it been so much to you?" the other said gently and thoughtfully. "Well, I am glad the face was like mine. I am glad if even the picture of my face could be of any good or use to anybody. The face itself has never been. Oh, I have your keepsake too—see!" She put her hand to the breast of her doublet, and produced an Indian arrow-head, fastened to a fine gold chain. "I have always worn it," she added, with a smile.

He looked at it, and then at her. "Why do you say you have never been of any good?" he asked.

"I have only done harm; and most of all to myself."

"I don't believe you could ever be anything but good to any one."

"Ah! you don't know me."

"I don't know who you are. But I know you."

"I hope you will never know who I am. As long as you do not, perhaps I may be of some good to you. I should like to think that! Is there any chance of our knowing each other, like other people?"

"I may not see you again for a long time. I am going away very soon."

"Well—I am glad. But I am glad we have seen each other, once, like

this. I don't know what I may be a year from now. To-night I lost all I had ever cared for."

"I will give you anything I have if you ever want it."

"No; I want nothing. But never try to know more of me than you do now. Whatever happens to me, I shall like to know that you always believe I am something good. It may save me from becoming so bad as I otherwise might." She stood up. "This will seem like a dream to-morrow. The wildest part of all the masquerade."

"We shall dream it again some day," said he.

As they stood thus, facing each other, the sound of steps and voices approached the seclusion of the alcove. By a common impulse their hands met for a moment; then they resumed their masks, and so became invisible to one another, save for the outward show that is not reality. They felt a strangeness, the deeper for that strange familiarity which, in the space of a few unpremeditated minutes, had begun and ceased. As the other masquers entered, these two passed out and separated, and neither looked to see what course the other took.

To be continued.

THE POISONS OF THE DAY; A NEW SOCIAL EVIL.

THE increasing frequency of sudden and violent deaths, the consequences of potent drugs taken through "misadventure" or administered by design, has of late attracted considerable attention, and through the medium of the public press a variety of vague opinions and remarks have been made respecting the opportunities and facilities for obtaining the means by which these occurrences are effected. Considering the nature and properties of numerous drugs it is doubtless wise and necessary that the question of free and indiscriminate sale of such agents should engage the earnest attention of legislative assemblies. Some exposition of the statutes of this country respecting this merchandise, and their exact validity as to securing the objects for which they were enacted will not, perhaps, just now, be uninteresting.

The first fact to be observed respecting the sale of drugs in this country is the singular anomaly that it is governed and regulated by two distinct series of Acts of Parliament, having diverse interests and objects.

The First Series.—The Pharmacy Acts—enacted to *restrict* the sale of drugs for "the safety of the public," and under the supervision and guardianship of the Privy Council and the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society.

The Second Series.—The Medicine Stamp and the Medicine Licence Acts, enacted to *facilitate* the sale, chiefly in the interest of the public exchequer—supervised by and under the guardianship of the Stamp and Excise Commissioners.

The purpose of this paper is to direct attention to the chief provisions of such fortuitous legislation, and to elucidate for the general reader what

protection they afford from the dangers and evils of the sale of deleterious drugs.

In times not long gone by children of tender age, equally with others of more advanced years, possessed of a few pence, could, by giving any plausible excuse for its necessity, purchase arsenic—once the *chief* criminal poisoning agent—or any other potent drug, as readily as they could simple articles of commerce; and youths yet in their teens, with a very limited knowledge of the business, were not unfrequently employed in and largely intrusted with businesses of drug selling; and as consequences of such negligence and indifference, history tells in mournful numbers of criminal and wholesale poisonings through such carelessness as selling large quantities of poisonous and subtle substances in the place of simple and innocuous materials, to be applied and used for domestic and other purposes, viz., the manufacture of condiments and sweetmeats—yellow arsenic for turmeric, to colour buns, white arsenic and sugar of lead for plaster of Paris, for adulteration of lozenges—as in the Bradford case, where 200 individuals were seriously affected and seventeen died—as at the Norwood school, where the children were inadvertently treated to a grain of arsenic each, with their breakfast milk, whereby 340 were seriously injured; and as in the Stourbridge case, where 500 people were more or less injured. Such disasters as these—occurring from such wanton carelessness as keeping subtle and simple substances in contiguous drawers and casks insufficiently and indistinctly labelled, and served out by inexperienced hands—were not in times of yore considered gross

enough or culpable enough to bring the perpetrators of such calamities, or those in any way responsible for them, within the pale of the then common law, and most escaped with impunity.

It lacks but nine years of half a century since a band of "loving subjects"—pharmacists—seeing the unsatisfactory state, in some of its phases, of that branch of commerce, which had long been, and presumably now is, the exclusive province of chemists and druggists to be engaged in, first formed themselves into an association called "The Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain," "for the purpose of advancing chemistry and pharmacy, and for promoting a uniform system of education, and for the protection of those who carry on the business of chemist and druggist"; and three decades of years are now completed since our Legislature first imposed restrictions upon the selling of drugs for the purpose of checking and minimising criminal and other poisonings.

The legislative enactments which have been effected for these objects are:—

THE ARSENIC ACT.

1851. *Victoria 14, Cap. 13.*

"Whereas, the unrestricted sale of arsenic facilitates the commission of crime, it is deemed expedient that it be restricted," &c., &c.

THE PHARMACY ACT, 1852.

15 and 16 *Victoria Cap. 56.*

"Whereas it is expedient for the public safety that persons exercising the business or calling of pharmaceutical chemists of Great Britain should possess a competent, practical knowledge of pharmaceutical and general chemistry; an Act (was passed) for regulating the qualifications of pharmaceutical chemists, and all before assuming such title should be duly examined as to their skill and knowledge," &c. &c.

THE PHARMACY ACT, 1868.

31 and 32 *Victoria Cap. 121.*

"An Act to regulate the sale of poisons and alter and amend the Pharmacy Act of 1852."

The chief provisions of the Act

are embodied in sections ii., xv., xvi., xvii. :—

"Sec. ii.—Provides a schedule (A) of substances to be considered poisons,¹ and grants powers to the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain to add others, with the approval of the Privy Council."

"Sec. xv.—Any person who shall sell or keep open shop for the retailing, dispensing, or compounding poisons, or who shall take, use, or exhibit the name or title of chemist and druggist, not being a duly registered pharmaceutical chemist, or fail to conform with any regulations as to the keeping or selling of poisons made in pursuance of this Act, shall for every such offence be liable to pay a penalty or sum of five pounds."

"Sec. xvi.—Nothing herein before contained shall extend to or interfere with the business of any legally qualified apothecary, or with any member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, nor with the making or dealing in patent medicines."

"Sec. xvii.—It shall be unlawful to sell any poison, either by wholesale or retail, unless the box, bottle, vessel, wrapper or cover in which such poison is contained, be distinctly labelled with the name of the article, and the word 'Poison,' and with the name and address of the seller of the poison; and it shall be unlawful to sell any poison of those which are on the first part of the schedule (A) to this Act, or may hereafter be added thereto, by section ii. of this Act, to any person unknown to the seller, unless introduced by some person known to the seller, and on every sale of such article, the seller shall before delivery make an entry in a book kept for the purpose, of—

"The date of the sale;

"The name and address of the purchaser;

"The name and quantity of the article sold, and purpose for which it is stated by the purchaser to be required, to which entry the signatures of the purchaser and introducer, if any, shall be affixed. For infringement of these conditions, a penalty not exceeding 5*l.* to be enforced for the first offence."

Such are the main points of the first series of legislative enactments which have for their object "the safety of the public" from the dangers of indiscriminate drug selling.

Now bearing in mind the frequency of "deaths by misadventure" with drugs and patent medicines, and the

¹ A definition of a poison according to the late Professor Dr. A. S. Taylor, was: "A substance, when taken internally in a small quantity, capable of destroying life without acting mechanically on the system."

result of coroners' inquiries of late years, the information now sought as to the practical "sufficiency or insufficiency of the existing statutes regulating the sale of poisons" is natural; and the question will occur to most, as to whether the public is better protected from these dangers now, in this fourth quarter of the nineteenth century, than in the unrestricted laxity of the non-legislative or the pre-pharmaceutical period.

We will now endeavour to elucidate what is the exact practical working of these several sections of the Act of 1868 toward the objects for which they are enacted.

Sec. xv.—The validity of this section may well be judged of from an action brought by the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain against the London and Provincial Supply Association, to recover a penalty of 5*l.* for the sale of a poison by the defendants, contrary to the provisions of this statute, they being a corporation carrying on business as grocers. After the hearing of the case before three different legal tribunals, with alternate decisions and reversals, it was ultimately settled in the House of Lords (L. R., 5 App. case, H. of L. 857). Their lordships held that the legislators did not mean to include in the word "person" a corporation, and that the defendants being a corporation carrying on business as grocers, had not committed the offence imputed to them by selling poisons.

It is now therefore clearly decided that henceforth a corporation aggregate may sell groceries and drugs, pickles and poisons, from the same stores provided always one of their servants is a qualified druggist. So we are evidently lapsing back into the practice of old, when in the windows of village shops might be witnessed a mixture of drapery and drugs, pickles and poisons, laudanum, oxalic acid, &c. &c. Consequently this section, and "The Pharmacy Act 1852," are of little avail.

Sec. xvi. gives exemption to all making and dealing in patent medicines. The Pharmacy Act was enacted to restrict the sale of poisons. The Pharmacy Act by this section exempts patent medicines. Patent medicines largely contain poisons. *Ergo*—the Pharmacy Act stultifies itself.

Sec. xvii.—Following on with the late decision in the House of Lords on this section, in the case of co-operative store-keepers selling poisons, we ask, Who is to be considered "*the seller?*" and Who is to be held responsible in the event of violation of the provisions of this section—the company, or the servant who is the actual seller?

It is evident that our legislators, by this Pharmacy Act, have taken much pains to bar the great front gates for the safety of the public, and by the same Act have most considerably left wide open a small postern—which is very freely taken advantage of—and a system of communism is consequently thoroughly established.

May not the Act of 1868, as to its practical value, be aptly likened to that law in mechanics, viz., that a chain, however apparently massive and powerful it may be as a whole, is no more effective than any single defective link it may have, however weak that link may be? So, by parity of reasoning, may not the recent decision in the House of Lords respecting section xv., and the exemptions effected by section xvi., render this statute weak and powerless for the purpose for which it was manufactured, viz., the safety of the public?

In order to have some clear idea of the character of sudden and violent deaths by drugs, it will be well to class them under the following heads:—

Inadvertences.

Suicides—Wilful and Accidental.

Murders.

Inadvertences.—Of course no more complete exemption and immunity from accidents can be expected from

drugs than from any other circumstances or events of life.

Wilful Suicides and Murders will ever and anon occur and be brought to light while human nature remains what it is, in spite of the severest legislation. What legislative enactments—in *esse in posse*—can or would restrain the hand of him or her whose legitimate occupation is in the manufacturing, dispensing, or prescribing aconite or arsenic or any potent drugs, when determined upon using them for unworthy purposes?

And, moreover, there are other laboratories besides chemical laboratories, free from all possibility of legislative restriction—even nature's laboratory. Our rural hedgerows and lanes evolve many wild flowers and plants, having lethal and potent properties, which, with a very little manipulation, may be distilled and rendered effectual agents for such designs.

"Within the rind of this small flower,
Poison hath residence, medicine power."
SHAKESPEARE.

Accidental Suicides are that class of violent deaths, or "deaths by 'misadventure' by over-doses of drugs," as patent medicines, *i.e.* secret mixtures of them protected by Government passports—Inland Revenue stamps. The above is now the familiar and common verdict of coroners' juries, and owing to its frequency of late years, it has been deemed necessary to direct the attention of our legislators to the subject.

We will now direct our attention to the second series of legislative enactment effected for regulating and facilitating the sale of drugs and medicines, chiefly in the interest of the public exchequer.

Patent medicines may be drugs, or mixtures of several drugs, arranged

and offered for sale to the public in accordance with, and subject to, the provisions of the Medicine Stamp Act, 1785, and Medicine License Act, 1785. The chief provisions are embodied in section xvi.

"Sec. xvi.—Any person or persons whatsoever, who hath or claims to have any occult, secret, or unknown art for making or preparing medicines.

"Or hath or claims to have any exclusive right or title to making or preparing medicines—and if such medicines are publicly advertised in any way, and if by these means they are recommended as specifics, or for the relief or cure of any complaint or malady, incident to or in anywise affecting the human body—there shall be charged and paid—"

a duty by stamps, to vary in value from three half-pence to five shillings, and now to thirty shillings, to be affixed to each packet, bottle, or other inclosure, according to the price of each packet charged to the public.

And a license duty shall be annually charged and paid by those manufacturing, or offering the same for sale.

The following enactments, as repeals or amendments of the foregoing, have been effected during this century, having mainly for their objects the enlarging and better collecting of the revenue thereby—

<i>e.g.</i> 1802	42 George iii. Cap. 56.
" 1804	44 George iii. Cap. 98.
" 1812	52 George iii. Cap. 156.
" 1875	38 Victoria Cap. 23.

Of all these statutes, the one enacted in 1875, whereby "the medicine license," previously 2*l.* in London and 10*s.* in other specified cities, was reduced to five shillings uniformly throughout England, has had results scarcely foreseen perhaps by our legislators. Now, little or perhaps no objection could reasonably be made to this "art" or practice of medicine, or system of secret remedies for suffering humanity—a system which may not inaptly be termed "the Chancellor of the Exchequer's System of Medicine"—provided always, that only simple or harmless drugs formed the component parts and ingredients of these

¹ *Hyosciamus niger*—Henbane.
Belladonna Atropa—Deadly nightshade.
Aconitum Napellus—Aconite.
Digitalis purpurea—Foxglove.
Conium maculatum—Spotted hemlock.

"Patent Medicines"; but the matter presents quite a different complexion, and may most justly be taken exception to, when these "Patent Medicines," or secret mixtures, are composed, as many of them really are, of the most potent poisons on the schedule (A) appended to the Pharmacy Act; the sale of which is supposed to be so carefully restricted by sections 15 and 17 to chemists and druggists only. And moreover when many of these compounds are concocted, as the Medicine Stamp Act, 1785, allows, "by any person or persons whatsoever" fulfilling the very simple conditions of affixing an Inland Revenue stamp in a prescribed manner. And further, when the sale of these medicines is so fostered and facilitated as it now is, by the lately and greatly reduced cost (from 2*l.* to 5*s.*) (Excise Laws, 1875) of "the medicine licence" as to encourage and induce general storekeepers and other tradesmen, particularly grocers, to add to their already heterogeneous stores of groceries and wines—these deadly compounds, *some one or more*, ingredients of many of which, even in small fractional parts of grains or a few drops, "hold such an enmity with the blood of man, that swift as quicksilver they course through the natural gates and alleys of the body, and with a sudden vigour doth posset and curd, like eager droppings into milk, the thin and wholesome blood."

13,655 chemists and druggists were on the authorised register for the year 1881. Now assuming, which is not far from correct, that about ten thousand of them take out the medicine license aforesaid, and 19,000 of the licenses are issued in all England, for the same year, it is clearly shown, that close upon ten thousand persons in this country, other than chemists and druggists, are manufacturing and distributing broadcast, these dangerous compounds. During the year 1880-81 medicine-duty was paid by stamps upon 16,627,131 of these packages.

We here tabulate in parallel columns the chief points of the two series of laws respecting the sale of drugs now in force:—

The Pharmacy Laws,
1868.

Enacted—to regulate the sale of drugs for the safety of the public.

To restrict the sale of poisons to pharmaceutical chemists only.

Drugs of a poisonous character when sold, the vessel or package containing them to bear labels indicating their nature and the address of the seller, &c., &c.

Exemptions.—All persons (not excluding chemists and druggists) making or dealing in patent medicines, *i.e.* offering drugs for sale in accordance with conditions stated in opposite columns, to be exempt from all restrictions and conditions mentioned in this column!

Such are the laws at present in force in this country—laws having opposing interests and objects—restricting and facilitating the sale of poisonous drugs; and looking into the matter as one of national interest it may reasonably be asked, Is the public safety or the public purse to have the prime consideration?

Should the pharmacy laws be compromised by the medicine stamp and medicine license laws? Should the public safety be thus jeopardised for the comparatively small addition of 145,000*l.* per annum (Stamps and License Revenue) to the Imperial Exchequer?

*Medicine Stamps and
Medicine License
Laws, 1785.*

Enacted—to regulate the sale of drugs and medicines for the benefit of the imperial exchequer only.

To facilitate the sale of drugs, whether poisonous or otherwise, by "any person or persons whatsoever."

Drugs, whatever their nature, however poisonous if advertised as medicines, neither their technical name nor their nature need be indicated if only a Government stamp be properly affixed to the vessel or packages containing them.

"We see the ground whereon these woes do lie :

But the true ground of all these piteous woes, we cannot without circumstance decry."

SHAKESPEARE.

In order to have substantial evidence whereon to illustrate the statements in this paper, I made an expedition myself, accompanied by a child under twelve years of age, into a region of shops. I sent her alone into grocers', oilmen's, linendrapers', and other stores, where intimations existed that "Patent Medicines" were sold. Without hesitation or inquiry of any kind, this child was supplied with any quantity of chloral or chlorodyne, and other articles she asked for, and in a short time we returned home largely supplied with various poisonous drugs and compounds of deleterious and lethal substance. Had we extended our journey onwards with the same object, this little child could have procured sufficient poisons to have converted any parish in London into "a city of the dead."

We will now read how our Gallic and Teutonic neighbours legislate upon selling secret mixtures of drugs:—

FRENCH.

"Un pharmacien qui vend des remèdes secrets non autorisés, est-il punissable ?

"Oui, car l'article 32 de la loi du 21 Germinal an xi, dit, La vente des remèdes secrets est interdite aux pharmaciens.

"Bien que l'article 32 de la loi (de Germinal) ne contienne aucune peine formelle contre le pharmacien qui vend un remède secret, il résulte de nombreux arrêts de cour de Paris, Rouen, et de la Cour de Cassation que la vente est punie comme l'annonce.

"La jurisprudence décide également que la mise en vente, la detention par un pharmacien dans son officine, ou dans les lieux qui en dependent, d'un remède secret, sont frappées de la peine indiquée par la loi interprétative du 29 pluviose, an xiii.

("Voir à ce sujet—Briand et Claude page 1040-41.")

[*"Is a druggist who vends secret and unauthorised medicines punishable ?"*

"Yes ; for article, &c., says that the sale of secret remedies is forbidden to druggists.

"Although the law just cited contains no definite punishment for a druggist vending a secret remedy, it is evident from numerous convictions at Paris, Rouen, and the Court of Cassation, that the sale is punishable.

"The law decides that not only the open vending of a secret remedy, but the fact of possessing it on the premises, subjects the druggist to the penalties stated in the interpretative Act, &c."]

GERMAN.

"Die Apotheker dürfen nur medicinische Präparationen oder zugesammengesetzte Drogen irgend welcher Art verabreichen auf ärztliche Verordnung, versehen mit ihrer Unterschrift (einbegrißen Wundärzte und Officier de santé). Die Apotheker dürfen keine Geheimmittel verkaufen. Die Präparationen ihrer Apotheke dürfen nur nach Vorschrift der Pharmacopoe oder medicinischen Schulen bereitet sein."²

[*"Druggists may supply no medicinal preparations or combination of drugs, of any description, save only on the written demand of a medical man signed by himself. Drugs may be prepared only on the prescriptions of the Pharmacopoeia or of schools of medicine."*]

The very extensive and habitual use of seductive drowsy drugs bearing government passports—particularly *Chloral*—in the unobserved undercurrents of the domestic life of our times, is perhaps little generally known ; but that it is a very extensive and daily increasing evil, much encouraged and greatly facilitated by the present condition of the Medicine Stamp and Medicine Licence Acts, is beyond doubt or question, and a custom and habit known to medical men as the "chloral habit" is thus engendered, more enslaving, and more fraught with sad results, than the habits of alcohol drinking or opium eating. The first dose may perhaps be prescribed in the ordinary course of a physician's attendance, and the prescription is carefully treasured ; more frequently, however, the weary, the wakeful, and heavy-laden are allured by tempting advertisements of the miraculous effects of government-stamped bottles, to be obtained of all grocers and chemists, &c. The effect of the first dose is probably charming ;

¹ *Manuel Pratique de l'Inspecteur des Pharmacies*, 1880.

² *Die Apotheker—Gesetzgebung*, von Dr. Bottger, 1880.

another dose on the next occasion is equally satisfactory. No dangerous effects being indicated on the label, no particular danger is suspected, and by degrees the *habitué* resorts to it until it becomes a nightly necessity.

After a time the customary result is not experienced, and not unfrequently in the middle of the night, by familiarity become bold, the *habitué*, after hours of weary tossing, with trembling hand, pours out another *half-teaspoonful*, or a *few more drops*, as the label directs, and drinks it off. The desired effect, *and more*, is now produced; coma ensues for sixteen, twenty, or even more hours, greatly to the alarm of surrounding friends, and not unfrequently the consequences are such as to necessitate the services of the coroner.

From the happy, united family circle of yesternight, one is absent from the breakfast-table the following morning. A sudden change comes over the wonted cheerfulness of the home. The bright morning sunlight is dimmed, the tread of every step is altered and every voice is subdued; and anon, the festive chamber of the house is converted into a court of inquiry, with all its solemn and sombre paraphernalia, and after a short and tender deliberation, the final and soothing verdict of "Misadventure by an overdose of chloral" is entered.

I am prepared for the charge or imputation of treating a subject of such serious importance sensationally. Can it be otherwise? It is sensation based upon correct perception.

Having explained the subject in some of its legal peculiarities, the part regulated by the second series of laws here set forth cannot well be dismissed without allusion to its moral and ethical nature.

What can be said favourably of this aspect of the matter, particularly when deliberating upon the nature and consequences of preparations composed of large quantities of deleterious substances offered for sale and much used, not under their technical names, but labelled with fanciful and delusive designations?

Being now an institution of a century's existence, and involving large interests, there is little hope—however urgent the necessity—of any wide or sweeping alteration; but much advantage might be gained if the legislature would enjoin a fuller and better system of labelling on those who manufacture or have personal interests in these dangerous compounds, and would thus render those who use them, as well as those who offer them to the public, morally and legally responsible for their own acts. Such provisions would certainly act for the benefit of the many, while they would detract little, if at all, from the profits of the fortunate proprietors of the articles in question.

Moral and social influences, or legislative enactments, can avail but little to restrain the deeds of desperate men and women. The hand of the reckless poisoner cannot thereby be stayed; the morbid mind of the suicide cannot thereby be altered or averted. But to lessen the number of luckless and uninitiated victims of all shades and grades, who elect to alleviate their sufferings with the secret nostrums or drugs of the day, the sale of which is *facilitated and fostered for the benefit of the imperial exchequer*, regardless of other consequences, is a social evil which urgently requires the attention of our legislators.

HENRY W. HUBBARD.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

BY HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP.

THE first time I ever saw General Garibaldi was in Milan in 1848. He was reviewing the Anzani battalion, which, after the armistice between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, he led against the enemy—Mazzini bearing the flag of "God and the People" at the head of the column. Garibaldi had just returned from the camp of Charles Albert, to whom he had offered his sword and services. These the king had refused, while the minister of war, Ricci, said to him, "You can go and play the corsair on the waters of Venice."

The fame of his mythological feats by land and by sea in South America had already made him the idol of the Italian youth; his actual presence enhanced the enthusiasm. Of middle stature, square-built, well-knit frame, lithe and stalwart, his figure always reminded me of the *Miles Romanus*. He was dressed in a close-fitting brown coat and high hat; his beard was long and thick; his fair golden hair flowing over his shoulders; his profile was that of a Greek statue; the eyes small and piercing; the whole face lioness-like. He was just forty years of age—in the flower of manhood and beauty.

He was accompanied by a band of officers who had fought under his command at Monte Video, and had followed him throughout all successive campaigns. Among them were Sacchi, Medici—now generals in the royal army—Leggero, Rodi, Bueno, and others; all of unrivalled courage, who looked upon him as the god of war, obeyed him with the blindest enthusiasm, and imbued the volunteers with those sentiments of devotion, admiration, and confidence, which

time and fresh victories generalised in Italy and in the world.

The Lombard campaign he finished on his own account; then after the defence of Rome and a year's banishment in America and Asia, he returned in 1856, as captain in the merchant service, to Genoa.

On the 9th April, 1860, at Lugano, where I was living in exile, I received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MARIO,—The news from Sicily is good. Pay in the money you have collected to Dr. Agostino Bertani, of Genoa. Assuredly I shall do all I can for our unhappy Nice; if we cannot wrest it from the felon of the 2nd September, we shall at least protest. Write to Bisceò at New York, and tell him also to send his 250 dollars to Bertani.

"Affectionately yours,
"G. GARIBALDI."

In 1860 we landed with Medici at Castellamare, and arrived at Alcamo. Garibaldi came to meet us on horseback, delighted at the sight of this first expedition sent to him from the continent, and headed by his favourite friend and officer. I had never yet been personally presented to him, but he at once held out his hand, saying, "You are Alberto Mario; I am glad to have you here, you did well to come." He had guessed who I was, because I was accompanied by my wife, who for many years had known him, he having spent some time in her father's house at Portsmouth. He placed a carriage at our service, and we returned with him to Palermo; where, on the morrow, he received me in his little bedroom at the splendid palace of the Normans, and attached me to his staff. He was seated on his bed,

overlooking the wondrous view of the Golden Shell and of Monreale—assuredly one of the most enchanting landscapes in the world. Offering me a cigar, he said—

"Do you know this morning I had a visit from Admiral Persano, who is here in the bay with two frigates. Guess why he came? He was sent by Cavour to beg me to arrest you and your wife—to consign you to him on board the *Maria Adelaide*, to be sent back to Genoa. I looked at him with astonishment, and answered, indignantly, 'Signor Ammiraglio, reply to Count Cavour that I am not his police agent, like his lieutenants—Ricasoli, Farini, Lionetto or Cipriani—in Central Italy; that I do not arrest tried and honoured patriots who have come to our assistance, and that I feel much offended by the demand. Signor Ammiraglio, let us speak of other things.' Quoth the Admiral, visibly disconcerted, 'They are Republicans!' and I, 'Republicans? Their Republic at present is the unity of Italy, which we intend to found, and for which we are willing to spend our lives!' And instead of sending you two on board the *Maria Adelaide*, I despatched La Farina, sent here by Cavour to create embarrassments, and to prevent me from completing the liberation of Naples by promoting the immediate annexation of Sicily, when even the island is not yet entirely freed from the Bourbon."

Rarely have I seen the General so excited, for he usually preserved an Olympic calm in the midst of tempests and agitation. I thanked him, and told him that Cavour had sent the same orders to Colonel Medici, detaining the expedition at Cagliari. Medici, out of delicacy, did not inform us of the fact, otherwise we never should have allowed such an important affair to be suspended for our unimportant selves. I shall never forget Medici's courtesy, especially as he owed much to Cavour and the Cavourians for the success of his undertaking.

During that month we made fre-

quent excursions on horseback in the city of Palermo and its neighbourhood. Palermo is populated with convents, and Garibaldi set his mind on penetrating their mysteries. The state in which we found the penitentiaries and foundling hospitals filled him with grief and indignation. He ordered rigid inquiries into the administration, had the food tested, and took steps for the amelioration of the health of the inmates. It was curious to note how, even into their jealously-guarded prisons, Garibaldi's fame had penetrated; how nuns and little children clustered round him with enthusiasm and trust, hailing him at once as liberator and saviour; and how, after the first burst of welcome, one by one, and interrupting each other continually, the nuns in their convents, and the orphans in their squalid habitations, would narrate the cruelties, the privations, the tortures to which they were subject—their emaciated faces and attenuated frames attesting the truth of their affirmations. More than once have I seen tears standing in the General's eyes as he ordered us to take notes of the declarations, and draw up reports that should serve as bases for future reform.

One morning he rode out to the fort of Castellamare which the populace were demolishing with hearty good-will. This fort had been erected to keep the city in order, and to serve as a prison for patriotic rebels; and many of the best and purest Neapolitan citizens had languished there for years.

"It is the consciousness of their right," said Garibaldi, "which inspires these slaves of yesterday, which strengthens those arms, to shiver, like glass, this stronghold of infamy."

From the fortress we proceeded to Monte Pellegrino, where three or four thousand children, belonging to the very poorest classes of Palermo, were undergoing drill. Garibaldi had ordered Major Rodi, one of his officers of Monte Video, who had lost an arm

on the battle-field, to collect these children, give them military training, and pay their parents three tari (a shilling) a day; thus relieving poverty, and keeping the children out of mischief.

"What beautiful lads!" he exclaimed. "We shall make brave soldiers of them; whereas the Bourbons were already training them for thieves and criminals." And regularly every morning he renewed his visits.

On one of these occasions he said to me—

"Will you organise a regular military school for these children?"

"Willingly, General."

"Good; draw up your project."

On the same day I presented him with the regulations drawn up in due form.

"So soon!" he exclaimed.

"There is no time to lose. If one cannot improvise under a dictatorship, what is the use of a dictatorship?"

It was settled that the new school should be entitled "Garibaldi's Military Institute," and should be adapted for three thousand pupils. The General very soon increased the number to six thousand; endowing it with the patrimony of several founding hospitals and other institutions, whose inmates were transformed into soldiers. I accepted the direction of the college, on the understanding that the post was to be gratuitous, and that I should be free to return to active service as soon as hostilities recommenced. A laconic order, placing the building and necessary funds at my disposal, enabled me, within a month, to organise the institution thoroughly. Officers, non-commissioned officers, schoolmasters, were all in train; two battalions lodged and boarded at Santa Sabina. For the remainder I had already provided in a convent inhabited by some Palermitan nuns, when one day I received a sudden summons from the General to his pavilion.

"I am displeased with you," he

said, half-seriously, half in joke; "you have emptied a convent of nuns, among whom is the sister of Rosalino Pilo, the pioneer of the Sicilian expedition, who died on the battle-field. She has been here repeatedly to express her indignation against you, and to entreat that justice may be done. Dislodge immediately from the convent, and give it back to Pilo's sister and her companions."

"But, General, you gave me *carte blanche*, and I have found a much better convent for them."

"No matter—keep it for the lads."

"But, General, excuse me, I have spent three thousand francs in adapting the convent for a military school. Another thousand would be needed to restore it to its former state."

On this Garibaldi made a gesture of impatience; but, reflecting on the financial condition of the island, and on the fact that his generals only received two francs a day, he relented.

"But you must never forget," he said, "how much priests and friars here in Sicily assisted in the liberation of the island. True, they are enemies to the modern ideas of progress, but, above all, they are enemies to the Bourbons. Try to pacify Pilo's sister, and henceforth leave my nuns in peace."

Garibaldi visited the institution every morning and took the most intense interest in its daily progress. Nothing escaped him. On some days he would be present at the class lessons, on others at the manœuvres, listen to the band, direct the target shooting, taste the food, question the doctor as to the health of the children, himself give them short lessons in patriotism and morals. One morning he arrived at the institution with his felt hat pulled down over his eyebrows—a sure sign of vexation with him. After passing the two battalions in review, he walked away from where his staff stood, bidding me follow him.

"I am molested with persistent ap-

peals for annexation," he said; "and the annexionists are setting these good Palermitans by the ears. I am weary of the implacable war waged against me by Count Cavour, though the island is not yet entirely free. Let them annex it. With four hundred men we can cross the straits, march up Calabria, and free Naples."

"General, allow me to observe that if you permit Sicily to be annexed now to Piedmont you will not be able to secure the four hundred men for the passage of the straits. Those who agitate for immediate annexation do so in order to impede your further progress. Deprived of Sicily as your basis of operations what could you do with four hundred men? And in case of repulse, whence could help come? where could you take refuge?"

"There is much in what you say," he answered. "What think you of the constitution given by the King of Naples? Will it content the Neapolitans?"

"Not for a moment, General—not for a moment. It comes too late. The young king should have given it when he ascended the throne; no one now would believe in his sincerity. The Bourbons are a race of traitors."

"The young king is innocent of his father's crimes."

"But he has not washed his hands of them. And, besides, the Neapolitans are bent on Italian unity. No reconciliation is possible between them and the reigning dynasty."

"True, we must profit by a fair wind."

King Victor Emmanuel's Government had, ever since January, 1860, commenced negotiations for an alliance with the kingdom of Sicily, and even after Garibaldi's expedition to the island Cavour continued these negotiations, pledging the throne of Sicily to the Prince of Syracuse. Hence his anxiety for the annexation of the island to Piedmont, in favour of which a popular demonstration was organised. This irritated Garibaldi beyond bounds, and prompted

his famous speech, ending with the words—"Fight first, and vote afterwards."

Towards the end of June, as we were assembled on the terrace of the pavilion, where all the *élite* of Palermo used to gather in the evening in hopes of seeing the general, seven haggard and emaciated youths asked for me, bringing a letter of presentation from my wife. They were the surviving companions of Pisacane, who had perished with three hundred of his followers in the expedition of Sapri (June, 1857), and Garibaldi's victories had liberated them from the dungeons of Farignana, where they had been confined for three years. They were so changed that I did not recognise any one of them. All they asked was to be allowed to thank their liberator. Garibaldi was, at the moment, conversing with the commodore of the United States, his eyes caressing Enrico Cairoli, then a youth, who had received a bullet through his head at Calatafimi, and was killed on the Monte Parioli in 1867. The conversation was often interrupted by presentations by officers of the staff, of Palermitan ladies, hovering round for a smile, or for a word from the Dictator. Profiting by one of these intervals, I announced—"The galley-slaves of Farignana!"

"Where are they? Bring them to me."

As they entered he took the hand of each, and they silently, and many of them in tears, embraced him. The American commodore gazed in amazement at their wan faces and tattered vestments. At last Garibaldi broke the silence—

"Bravo! bravo! I am indeed happy to see you. Tell me of Pisacane's glorious end. If my soldiers sleep in this palace, on the carpets of kings, the merit belongs in great part to Pisacane and his followers, who were our pioneers."

This justice rendered by Garibaldi to their beloved chief, increased the emotion of the brave lads. Seeing

them become paler and paler, Garibaldi concluded, and rightly, that they were hungry, and bade me see to their wants. They were soon seated at the dinner-table of the staff in the pavilion, and finished off a hearty meal with the confitures and sweetmeats with which Garibaldi's nuns kept them constantly supplied.

Garibaldi then distributed some piastres to the men, who immediately asked him to enrol them in his ranks.

"The undertaking which you say was commenced by us in 1857 we wish to finish with you in 1860. We are trained sharpshooters; will you not enrol us in the corps of the *Carabinieri Genovesi*?"

This was Garibaldi's crack corps, but he immediately summoned the Colonel, Mosto, who, however, could scarcely be persuaded to accept the poor fellows, so weak and helpless did they look. But, of course, to Garibaldi's demand, he answered "Yes."

Out of the seven, five fell, dead or wounded, on the battle-field of Milazzo.

After the battle of Milazzo, to my involuntary reproach for the manner in which he had exposed his life in a hand-to-hand duel with a cavalry officer, he answered—

"Don't worry yourself! our cause would triumph all the same even if I fell in action, but I know that I shall live to see its triumph."

On the evening after the battle, entering with my wife the hall where he was dining with the staff, he called us to his side, and with most punctilious courtesy to her, he said—

"Allow me to present to you the Admiral Persano;" and to the Admiral he added "The Marios."

The Admiral, as though he had never received any instructions concerning us, talked cordially on the subjects of the day, till Garibaldi interrupted the conversation by ordering me to go immediately to Palermo with instructions to General Sirtori and with the nomination of a vice-director of

the military college, refusing meanwhile to accept my resignation.

Persano, hearing the orders, said quickly—"I am going to Palermo at once, and shall be most happy to give you a berth on board the *Maria Adelaide*."

"Thanks, Admiral, but the General expects his orders promptly obeyed, and would scarcely approve of my going round by Genoa."

Persano, with a look of perfect unconsciousness said—"Why should we touch at Genoa?"

But Garibaldi laughed heartily, and invited the Admiral and ourselves to visit the castle of Milazzo, which the vanquished Bourbons were then evacuating, embarking their troops on board French ships. In the courtyard were numerous abandoned and frightened horses, and Garibaldi amused himself by dexterously catching them with a lasso as he used to catch the wild horses in the Pampas. When the sport was over I presented Colonel Mussolino, now deputy in the Italian Parliament, who brought the General congratulations from the French Liberals. Mussolino proposed to the General to land by surprise in Calabria at Cavallo, in front of the Faro. "Go at once yourself," answered the General; "examine the spot, and return to report to me at Messina."

On my return from Palermo it was precisely at Messina that I found Garibaldi, and there accompanied him every day to the Faro, he climbing even to the top in order to study the manoeuvres of the Bourbon ships and the Calabrian shore. His whole soul was so concentrated on the idea of crossing over to the continent, that he often spoke no word either going or returning. It was a difficult problem to solve. The straits were possessed by the Bourbon fleet,—whereas Garibaldi had no men-of-war,—the coast bristled with fortresses, the enemy was on the alert.

One day he said to me:—"I have chosen you for a dangerous enterprise. You will go as aide-de-camp to

Colonel Mussolino to examine the land in Calabria for us."

An hour later he bade me enter his boat with General Medici and Guastalla. It was followed by a little fleet of boats, each manned by six volunteers. The shore was crowded with soldiers, the drums were sounding the retreat. Night fell; perfect silence was maintained as the arms were distributed. Mussolino said:—"General, the cartridges don't fit the revolvers." "Use your fists," was the laconic reply. Then ordering me to enter Mussolino's boat, at the head of seventy-two others, parallel with the shore, and reaching to the Faro, he steered his own boat to the middle of the straits, and the tiny fleet rowed passed him, one after the other, at distances assigned by him, and with orders to glide along the shore and make for the lighthouse.

"I have entrusted you with a difficult and dangerous enterprise. I know your courage; I am sure of you. Go, I shall join you soon."

Towards the end of July, 1867, I visited the General in company with Deputy Acerbi at Vinci, intending to try and dissuade him from his intended expedition to Rome. I did my best to demonstrate that in the present state of Italy Rome could not be entered without coming to a compromise with the church, and he would, while dethroning the king, strengthen the power of the pontiff.

"We will settle with the pontiff when we have dethroned the Pope-king," was the only reply vouchsafed. Acerbi had undertaken to point out the embarrassment in which the Government would be placed were Italian troops to cross the frontier before the Roman had risen, but without giving him time to speak, Garibaldi said:—"You, General Acerbi, will command the volunteers; Viterbo will be our rallying place; you can treat with Rattazzi, and tell my friends who now oppose my scheme that I give them a month longer for preparation." In war time or during the preparation for

war it was very difficult to discuss with Garibaldi. As he had neither soldiers, nor officers, nor treasury, nor armoury; but had to trust to the omnipotence of his name to create them; he was always prepared by long meditation for all the objections that friends or foes offered; and when on the field itself, his acts seemed most spontaneous, you might be sure that he had weighed all the *pros* and *cons*, conjectured what the enemy could or would do in a given circumstance, and decided how best to baffle or defeat him. Hence at the sound of that quietly authoritative voice all Acerbi's courage vanished, and he only said, "General, I thank you for the confidence you repose in me." So thoroughly was I convinced of the unwisdom of the scheme that I declined accompanying the General on his preliminary tour, nor even after his escape from Caprera did I join him at once, but after a few days the fever of anxiety and uncertainty prevailed, and I joined him at Monterotondo, where he at once named me vice-chief of his staff, the venerable General Fabrizi being the chief.

On the 30th October we marched from Castel Giubileo along the Anio towards Ponte Nomentano with Rome in sight. Ten thousand volunteers formed his little army. Garibaldi made a reconnaissance in person towards the bridge, halting at Casal dei Pazzi; here were already a number of Zouave scouts; our advanced guides signalled their presence, and one of them fell wounded through the lungs. We formed round the General, who ordered me to go in haste to Villa Cecchini for a battalion, with which I soon returned; then we mounted one of the turrets of the castle, and saw a battalion of Zouaves cross the bridge and advance towards the castle. "Here," said the General to Fabrizi and myself, "we can defend ourselves until the rest of the troops come up." I told him that the exit of the castle was free, as I had placed one battalion at the entrance, leaving another at Villa Cecchini. The enemy now

attacked us in front and flank, but the General gave orders that our troops were not to reply, as he did not consider it a fit place for a decisive battle. In the evening he gave the orders for returning to Monterotondo, and at once his 10,000 volunteers were reduced to 6,000. Many of them had read the King's proclamation; others knew that with Menabrea instead of Rattazzi at the head of the Government all further attempts on Rome were impossible. Already the new ministry had forbidden that provisions, ammunition, or clothes should cross the frontier for our use, and we were in fact blockaded between the Papal and Piedmontese armies. Meanwhile we had persuaded the General to form a provisional Government. On the 2nd of November, in one of the halls of the Piombino palace we met to consult Fabrizi, Bertani, Messori, Menotti, Canzio, Bezzi, Guerzoni, Adamoli, Bellisomi, and others. Garibaldi came to the meeting and sat apart; with his elbow on his stick, which in that campaign had served instead of a sword, and his chin leaning on his hand. He listened in silence to the ideas expounded; the articles of the new constitution were duly condensed for his benefit, the resolutions drawn up were read. On this he rose, and we all rose also. "*Bene, bene,*" he said, "*bravi! farò poi a modo mio.*" "Good, good; well done! now I shall act in my own way." On the night of the 2nd November he summoned me to his room and gave me orders to march before dawn on Tivoli, saying, "We shall thus be protected by the Apennines, and be masters of both banks of the Anio; we can hold out a hand to Nicotera, and Acerbi will soon join us; we encamp in a country which has not been exhausted of its supplies, and the volunteers will no longer be so near *Passo Corese* as to escape easily."

The plan was excellent, and indeed was the only one feasible under the circumstances.

But meanwhile came Menotti, and obtained a delay, as the troops were waiting for shoes and other necessities, and we only set out at eleven on the following morning. The General was not in his usual good-humour; his hat was pulled down over his brows, and he hummed an old war song of Monte Video as he came down the staircase of Palazzo Piombini and silently mounted his horse. Once on horseback we galloped along all the line in march, and towards midday entered Mentano. A guide came back from the outposts to say that we were attacked. "Go and take up positions," said the General to me. I obeyed, taking our men to the heights and the right and left of the road, while the General himself posted our only two small pieces on another height, thus for a time keeping the assailants in check.

When once the troops recovered from the momentary panic of the sudden and unexpected attack, Garibaldi ordered them to charge with the bayonet along all the front; the order was valorously obeyed, and the Papalini retreated in confusion.

Indeed there was a moment when Guerzoni exclaimed, "General, the day is ours." But soon an unknown and as it then seemed an unearthly sound assailed our ears, like the hissing of tribes of rattlesnakes. The "*chassepôts*" had commenced their "*miracles*," the French had taken the place of the Papalini! There was nothing for it now but to return to Monterotondo. Arrived at the foot of the hill leading to the town, Garibaldi ordered me to defend the height to the left, and sent Colonel Cantone to occupy the convent of the *Cappucini*, to the right, which he did at the cost of his life.

The position of Monterotondo without ammunition or cannon being untenable, General Fabrizi ordered the retreat on *Passo Corese*. Garibaldi never quitted his horse. Perfect silence reigned, save for the sound of the troops marching; it was a mournful spectacle.

After succeeding in removing a huge barricade, I asked the General if he would enter his carriage. "Thanks, no!" The night was passed in a hut at *Passo Corese*; he still hoped for the arrival of Acerbi, but on the morrow allowed the arms to be consigned to Colonel Carava of the Italian army, saying as he gave the order for dissolving the corps, "Colonel, tell our brave army that the honour of the Italian arms is safe."

Once in the railway for Florence, it was the General's intention to return to Caprera. But Menebrea sent troops to arrest him. He refused to yield save to force, at the same time forbidding us to make any resistance, and after a short imprisonment was sent under escort to Caprera, and there considered a prisoner until after the entry of the Italians into Rome, when he departed without saying "by your leave," to offer what remained of him to struggling and defeated France!

From the 4th November, 1867, until January, 1876, I did not see the General, as my Christian charity was not sufficiently broad to sustain me in a war for France against Prussia, who had given us Venice in 1866, and enabled the Italian troops to enter Rome in 1870. In 1876 I found the General in Villa Casalini, outside Porta Pia, intent on his schemes for the prevention of the inundation of Rome by the Tiber, and for the improvement of the Roman Campagna. The eight intervening years had left no sensible alteration on his face or form; the lines of the face were unchanged, the eyes gleamed with their old fire—only the hair and beard were considerably thinner and whiter. The teeth, still perfect, maintained his speech and smile intact. He received me affectionately, saying—

"We are changed indeed since last we met; I have lost both hands and feet."

And indeed he gave his left hand as the least crippled of the two. As we were talking, a boy of six rushed into the room, accompanied by some

English ladies and a person who, coming up to the General, said—

"Look at Manlio; how well the sailor's costume suits him! He is quite proud of himself. Miss—— made it for him without taking his measure."

The General, taking the child between his knees, thanked the English lady, and turning to me and pointing to the speaker, said—

"This is my wife, and this is our little son; call Clelia."

Clelia, about two years older, appeared, and thus the new family group was completed, and the General's eyes beamed with pleasure. Presently, addressing himself to the English ladies, he said—

"You have lost your mother, I understand; it is a great trial, but a natural one. The idea of death does not weigh on my mind; I am prepared for it; only I would fain not suffer more, I have already suffered so much. One ought to look on death as on a friend. Priests have terrified the imagination with their pictures of hell and purgatory, in which I do not believe at all. See here, I have been invited to go to London, to assist at a conference of evangelical people. Are you Protestants?" he asked, looking at the ladies above his spectacles.

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen to my reply." And he read a letter in which he said that he belonged to a religion without priests, because priests are the greatest scourges of mankind. "Is it not so?"

As the ladies did not reply, he turned to me and said—

"I see, the navigation is difficult."

At last, one of the ladies took courage, and said—

"General, don't you believe in God, and in a future life?"

"I like to imagine," he answered, "a superior intelligence which regulates the universe in its movements, and in its laws, and that my intelligence is a particle of the same as that of every human being, and that all return to the great origin after death;

and this belief raises man to a high sense of his dignity, whereas the priests and their paradise and their hell debase mankind. Do you know your God? Have you seen Him? To whom has He revealed Himself?"

Miss M. No one can discuss a faith!

Miss N. The Bible is a revealed book, and traces of the Deluge are still extant.

Garibaldi. How can you expect me to believe that in those days Noah built a boat large enough to hold his own family and all the species of animals besides? That is absurd!

Miss N. With God nothing is impossible.

"I beg your pardon," said the General, "for having led you on to this discussion, where we shall never agree. The only persons who have revealed anything to the world are men of genius; the priests have brought nothing but evil!"

"But there have been good priests."

"Very rarely. Ugo Bassi was a good priest, and now and then I have met with others, but in general they are baneful, owing to the doctrines they profess—and I speak of priests of all religions."

The English ladies seemed rather inclined than not to continue the conversation.

"All the wars, for instance, in Spain, and many elsewhere," I observed, "have been brought about by the priests."

"Bravo! that is true," said Garibaldi; and the conversation turned on war in general, until Manlio and Clelia, also dressed sailor fashion, returned, and their boisterous glee and their father's delight in their fun put an end to all conversation. The ladies left, and I returned to the Tiber schemes.

"We shall do nothing," he said, impatiently; "let us come to our own affairs. From the camp of the insurgents (the Herzegovina) I have been requested to send them a chief of the staff, and I took the liberty of promising that you would go."

I looked at the General stupefied. I had not joined him in the French campaign, not feeling general knight-errantry to be my mission—and certainly had now no intention of joining the insurgents.

"The Turk in Europe," he went on, "is a disgrace to civilisation, but in order to be rid of him, all the nationalities in the Greek and Slavonic provinces must rise. It would be difficult for the Slavs to found a republic, but they might form a confederation of states. What do you say?"

"That I am grateful for the honour you have offered me; but do not feel myself equal to the mission."

Accustomed to absolute obedience on the part of his friends and subordinates, Garibaldi looked at me as one who had not heard aright, but only said in his quiet fashion—

"You can take time to decide. I do not know what part Italy will take in the Eastern question. If she chose, before Austria could appear on the field, she might, from the ports of Ancona and Brindisi, send an army to the rescue. The insurgents entreat me to go to their aid, but I am, as you see, no longer able to march across country at the head of insurgent bands. If I am to command an army, it must henceforth be from behind the horses!"

Once more I tried to bring him back to the Tiber question.

"*Che Tevere! che Tevere!*" he said, impatiently. "They have befooled me; they will do nothing. The President of the Council and the Minister of Public Works name commissions, these name sub-commissions, and so we go on from day to day, and the works are sent to the Greek Kalends. If they would only begin to fill up the marshes of Ostia and Maccarese, that would do much to purify the air. My idea would be to see the Tiber deviated from its present course, carried round Rome, re-entering its bed below San Paolo fuori le Mura. Another canal passing directly through Rome

and running parallel to the sea. The deposits brought down would fill up the marshes, and thus the city would be saved from inundations, and the neighbourhood between Rome and the sea rendered fertile and salubrious. But these are dreams that we shall never see realised."

I could not help reflecting that they had been dreams ever since the earliest days of Rome, and that Father Tiber had outwitted and defied Popes and Emperors, the heads of the Republic and the minions of despotism; and I quite agreed with the General that little or nothing was to be expected from the ministry in the present state, especially, of national finance.

In the May of the same year I accompanied Garibaldi to Viterbo. At Orte we left the train for carriages, and went through districts that seemed deserts—not a village to be seen, nor even a farm-house; yet Garibaldi's presence was known, and crowds of herdsmen and peasants, children and women, cheered him as he passed. They were a wild-looking set, clad in goat and sheep-skins; but the women held the children aloft to get a sight of the General, as they would have lifted them to kiss the images of the Madonna by the roadside. It was a sort of triumphal march, and from the balcony of the communal palace of Viterbo, Garibaldi took for his theme the community of interest and affection that ought to reign between the army and the people. "The soldiers come from the people, and the time will come when they will serve the cause of the people and no longer that of tyrants. The Italian soldiers and people together conquered the tyrants."

This speech was much applauded, especially by the soldiers present among the spectators, and even the royal carabinieri cheered. As the Liberals had just come to power, there were also cries of "*Viva la Sinistra!*"

"I like that cry," said Garibaldi. "I hope my friends will govern better

than their predecessors; but we must wait and see before we praise them. We want facts, we are all tired of promises."

After a long sojourn at Caprera, Garibaldi returned to Rome on the 4th of April, 1879.

We had not been warned that he was suffering severely from one of his rheumatic attacks, so that on finding him stretched and apparently motionless in the waiting-room of the station we received a shock never to be forgotten. His voice alone rang clear and clarion-like as he recognised us, and alluding to a biography of him which I had just published in Italian, he thanked me, and spoke very cordially of his satisfaction. Then, as some one kissed him on the forehead from behind, he said, "*Che diavolo!* Who is it that takes me in the rear?" Then recognising old Ripari, his volunteer surgeon both in 1860 and 1849, he welcomed him, and then directed us to have him carried to his carriage by a private door. He was suffering intensely, and could not bear the noisy welcome of the crowd, and, to say the truth, those who caught sight of him returned in silence, and many in tears, from the heartrending spectacle.

I spent much time with him every day during his sojourn in Rome, where he soon rallied from his attack, and busied himself to summon all the leaders and chief men of the Democratic party to unite in some given work on which they could be all agreed. This agreement was found in the question of universal suffrage, and it may be said that all the survivors of the old revolutionary battles, from Sicily as from Turin, answered to the roll-call. The Government was much alarmed, but so far from there being any cause, this act of Garibaldi's, giving the Democrats a feasible object to work for, enabling them to keep strictly within legal means, was sufficient to stem the torrent of useless demonstrations, of flag bearings, and noisy appeals to the worst passions of the multitude.

One day old Avezzana, who began his political life in 1821, when he was condemned to death as a *carbonaro*, visited him. "Ah!" said the General, in a real voice of vexation, "I do envy you, for you can still mount on horseback."

The Democratic Congress was held in Rome, and went off satisfactorily. The General's object, however, in coming to Rome was to obtain the divorce from Signora Raimondi, married and rejected on the same day in 1859, and to marry the mother of Clelia and Manlio. The children, two handsome young savages, were constantly with him, Manlio evidently the apple of his eye, and as turbulent and disobedient a young imp as ever fell to my lot to see. But his noise and restlessness never seemed to disturb his father, whose eyes and voice caressed him even in reproof. After a short sojourn in Rome, he went to a beautiful villa near Albano, where, going with a Roman friend, we were warmly welcomed. He was looking well in comparison with when he left Rome, and was in fact free from pain, which was all that he could hope for henceforward, feet and hands being hopelessly crippled. We talked long over olden times, but his thoughts reverted constantly to Greece, and the abandonment by Europe of the Greeks. "There is yet *our* war," he said, "against Austria, to take from her Trent and Trieste, which are our own. If we are silent for the nonce, it is not that we have at all abandoned the idea. If the war be possible in our time, you will have to carry me into the field." "That I will do," said the friend who accompanied me, and, glancing at his herculean frame, Garibaldi seemed satisfied, until I said, "No, no, General! the next time you must command the fleet, and in twenty-four hours we shall be in the port of Trieste." "Ah, if that could be! if that could be!" he said.

From Albano Garibaldi went to Civita Vecchia, more to gratify the wish of the children for sea-bathing,

than because he hoped for any benefit from the baths himself.

Towards the close of 1880, the working men of Milan who, indignant at the Moderates for erecting a statue to the ex-Emperor of the French, had contributed their hard-earned pence to the monument "for the martyrs of Mentana," sent a deputation to Caprera to entreat the General to be present at the inaugural ceremony. The members of the deputation were themselves convinced of the almost impossibility of his compliance with their request, so utterly broken up did he appear, so sad were the accounts of his sufferings as narrated by his family and attendants. But he answered, "I will come," and towards the end of October he landed at Genoa, where his first thought was to visit Mazzini's Court at Staglieno, but the weather and a fresh attack of pain preventing, he wrote a letter to Saffi, promising to do so on his return, and adding meanwhile, *invio in ispirito il mio saluto alla salma del precursore*.

After a few days' rest at S. Damiani d'Asti, the house of the mother of his young children, to whom his divorce from *la Raimondi* had enabled him to give his name, he arrived at Milan, where the promoters of the monument announced their triple intent to commemorate the victims of the temporal power of the Papacy—to protest against all foreign intervention and interference in Italian affairs—to assert the bond of union between French and Italian democracy; hence the significance of the special invitation to Blanqui, to Rochefort, as the men who had done much to efface the insolent *jamaïs* of Rouher.

It was a programme after Garibaldi's own heart, a fresh protest against *Papal and Imperial tyranny*, a fresh assertion of the "alliance of the peoples." "All Milan" clustered to the station, or lined the streets, balconies, and roofs, to bid welcome and catch a glimpse of the hero.

The "Thousand," the "Veterans," the "Survivors of the revolutionary

battles," the working men's societies, with their three hundred banners and bands had undertaken to keep the station and streets clear for the general's carriage. *Che!* the people took the station by storm, and even the engine (it was the *Niobe*) was seized on as a vantage point before it had fairly stopped.

"It is he! It is he!" was the one exultant cry, but when that *lui* pale, motionless, a shadow of his former self, was lifted from the railway carriage, a hush fell on the multitude; those who had not seen him since 1862 stood aghast with fear; even I, who had parted from him so lately, was not prepared for the ravages that disease and pain had wrought in the eighteen intervening months. The bands still played, the people shouted welcome, but a change had come over the spirit of their dream, that welcome seemed instead a last adieu. The General, with evident effort, held up two fingers and smiled his thanks upon the multitude, but a tear coursed down his pallid cheeks as he said, "Milan always Milan!"

"The Milan of the people, my General," said Carlo Antongini, one of his veterans.

"Yes, and that is why it is so grand."

Then the French deputation arrived, and the air rang with cries of "Viva France! Viva the French Republic! Viva Blanqui and Rochefort!" the former, a bowed, bent, white-haired veteran, thirty years of whose span of life had been spent in prison for his faith, formed a striking contrast to the latter, a hale and vigorous man, with a thicket of tawny tangled hair surrounding his vivacious countenance. He seemed much impressed by the sight of Garibaldi, and presenting him with a magnificent album containing letters, signatures, poems, and addresses, he said: "The representatives of the people, and the representatives of the powers that be, who throng to see you, are the living proofs of your universal popularity."

Garibaldi's welcome to each of us,

his old officers of Mentana, was heartfelt. "I cannot embrace you, my arms are infirm; give me a kiss instead."

At the moment of the unveiling of the monument Garibaldi's carriage, from which the horses had been detached, was wheeled on to the platform; he was looking less fatigued, and smiled as he saw the old familiar faces—Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Bezzi, and others—who had been with him on the day of the *miracles des chassépôts*, the 3rd November, 1867.

The speech, which he had written himself for the occasion, was read by his son-in-law, Canzio. He alluded to Legnago and the five days of Milan: "The alliance between the Moderates and the priests against universal suffrage, which they know will prove a purifying wave over the soil of Italy, the inexorable judge of their iniquities. He who gives his blood and sweat for Italy has a better right to a vote than the few well-to-do ones (*abbiente*) who have hitherto monopolised that sovereignty which is only legitimate when exercised for the welfare and benefit of all, instead of for the interests of a single class."

The day after the ceremony Garibaldi quitted Milan. On the 7th November, 1880, I listened for the last time to the vibrating music of his voice, and looked my last on his beautiful, beloved face.

Several letters I received later referring to our agitation for universal suffrage, and when in August, 1881, we were holding our great meeting for the abolition of the laws on papal guarantees came his characteristic telegram:—

"*Voto l'abolizione delle garanzie e del garantito.*"

"I vote the abolition of the guarantees and of the guaranteed (the Pope)."

The closing scenes of his noble life have been too minutely described, and are too fresh in the recollection of all readers to need any description here.

ALBERTO MARIO.